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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THERE are those who think the welcome being extended to the new Government by their opponents is somewhat elaborate. We are all for fair play to Mr. MacDonald's ministry, but fair play need not imply a lavish use of soft soap. After all, the present Government is largely composed of men who, three years ago, were leaders of the General Strike. Generosity to recent foes is a trait on which the British proverbially pride themselves without stopping to ask whether sometimes it is not mere sentimentality. We want no bitterness and nothing underhand, but no good can come of allowing the promptings of a ready generosity to betray us into saying things we may have to unsay to-morrow. A few drops of astringent in the rather saccharine concoction which is now being served out to the Labour Government would make a more wholesome mixture of it.

The outcry caused by the Prime Minister's article in the last issue of the *Sunday Times* has been directed against the wrong quarter.

It is not the newspaper that is to blame for publishing this "amateur and provocative intervention in foreign politics" (as *The Times* calls it), but Mr. MacDonald who is to blame for writing it. The article was submitted to the editor of the *Sunday Times* three days before it was published, with the request that it should be used on the following Sunday (which it was). It would seem that the Prime Minister's agents have seriously let him down; and Mr. MacDonald himself appears to have been singularly lax in exercising control over his literary compositions. But the real moral of the incident is that a man who is liable to become Prime Minister should not rashly commit himself to paper on matters of delicate international concern, and then, in the Prime Minister's own words, forget the article is in existence. It emphasizes more than ever the soundness of the ban on Ministerial journalism and seems to show that it might usefully be extended to responsible Opposition leaders. In vain to pretend the views expressed in the article are not now Mr. MacDonald's own; a man's opinions do not change automatically upon his taking office.

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There is also the case of the Premier's interview with the well-known woman journalist who signs herself "Andrée Viollis" in the *Petit Parisien*, on the subject of inter-allied debts. Mr. MacDonald has since attempted with a doubtful sense of sportsmanship to shift the responsibility for what he said on to the shoulders of the newspaper, by accusing it of "mischievous statements"—that is to say, mischievous mis-statements; but the fact has been disclosed that a complete transcript of the interview was submitted to Mr. MacDonald before publication and corrected by himself. Altogether, Mr. MacDonald seems to be showing a flair for publicity in the early stages of his Premiership. Mr. Baldwin possessed as Prime Minister perhaps an exaggerated aversion from the society of newspapers, but we begin to sigh for it. We have been amused by Mr. MacDonald's idea of a Talkie Film of the Cabinet, by the spectacular meeting at Forres, by the much-heralded aeroplane trip from Lossiemouth, as though a Prime Minister in an aeroplane were a thing to astound the world; but too much eagerness in this direction may one day produce something to turn amusement into concern.

Now that the *Daily Herald* is a Government organ, it really should adopt an austerer code. Some little while ago it published a portrait of Mr. Winston Churchill, in which he was shown carrying a book, very conspicuously displayed, which bore as title the one word, "War." When that particular photograph of Mr. Churchill appeared in the "capitalist" Press, the book was not shown. The *Daily Herald*, however, seemed to think it good propaganda to include the book, and quite unnecessary to explain that it was merely a copy of a novel by a German lately published in an English version. Mr. Churchill, naturally enough, complained of a photograph which could only encourage the idea that he was an apologist for war at a time when every sane politician is striving to make war impossible. The *Daily Herald* now retorts that the photograph was "not a fake or a forgery." But there is a way of telling truth so that it shall mislead. It is not a way adopted by reputable journalists, among whom we certainly include those responsible for the *Daily Herald*, and we are sorry to read its defence of an action that can have none.

Last Sunday General Dawes and the Prime Minister met at Forres to talk over the preliminaries of Anglo-American naval agreement. On Tuesday the General at the Pilgrims' dinner and the Premier in a speech at Lossiemouth spoke of the principles underlying these discussions. Mr. MacDonald was concerned chiefly with what is *not* to be attempted: naval disarmament is the world's affair and we do not seek alliance with America or any attempt to present other nations with a *fait accompli*. The Ambassador was more constructive, but vague. His thesis was that the problem has hitherto been wrongly approached, that the first necessity is thoroughly to prepare the ground and public opinion, and that the principle on which the Dawes Scheme was successfully produced should now be applied to naval agreement—that is to say, experts should first hammer out a basis and

then statesmen should apply it. The first step has been satisfactory. In a leading article we discuss the broad essentials of the project.

The result of the South African Elections has been to give a comfortable majority to the Nationalist Government in coalition with Cresswellite Labour. The issues of the election were plain: whether the German Trade Treaty should be endorsed and whether the Hertzog or Smuts attitude towards the Native question should be adopted. The answer has been a fairly emphatic one in favour of Hertzog's native plan, which is for gradual disenfranchisement in the Cape of natives that are now enfranchised, and for a 'partial and indirect native vote for the whole Union. General Smuts's view, on the other hand, was that the matter was too dangerous and difficult to be made a Party question and should be decided by a national convention. The recent riots in Durban seem to have received at least some impetus from native dissatisfaction with the election result, and there is a possibility of serious trouble ahead. This possibility is said by observers on the spot to have been very greatly diminished by General Hertzog's appointment of Mr. Jansen to the Ministry of Native Affairs. Mr. Jansen has personal knowledge of the native element and has a great reputation for fair-mindedness. It is believed that his appointment will make possible the treatment of the native question on non-party lines and thus avert a threatening situation.

The Indian General Election for the Legislative Assembly was due this autumn, when the prescribed three years since the last will have elapsed; but the Viceroy has courageously and rightly prolonged the life of the existing Assembly so as to avert an electoral contest turning on the Simon proposals before they have in fact been formulated. Neither the Simon report proper nor the report of the Indian body co-operating with it can be available before next year. Indian politicians of the left are perfectly well aware of that, and indeed are all anxiety to make use of the period during which the attitude of the Simon Commissioners and of this country towards India can be misrepresented. Given the opportunity provided by a General Election, they would have done much mischief; the opportunity has been denied them. The General Election is deferred until the Indian voters have before them the recommendations of both the Simon Commission and of its Indian colleagues, and until the negotiations of the non-co-operators can be countered by constructive suggestions. The effect on the tempers of the non-co-operators is such as might be expected; but they would be hostile in any event, and the scope of their activity is very usefully narrowed by the Viceroy's decision.

The Indian Congress leaders and their associates have another cause for soreness. They have utterly failed to secure in their country as a whole the support they expected for the Nehru scheme. That constitutional project was the outcome of what called itself an all-party conference, though it failed to present many important interests and schools of thought, and

it was produced with a flourish as far more expressive of India's real demands than anything emanating from the Simon Commission could be. But it was speedily repudiated by the great bulk of Mohammedans, by large bodies of non-Brahmin Hindus in various parts of India, by the Sikhs, and by various minorities almost everywhere. Had it been even ostensibly adopted, or had Lord Irwin allowed the General Election for the Legislative Assembly to take place this autumn, the Simon report would have been prejudiced beyond hope. Its rejection by vast communities and important minorities, and the postponement of the General Election, give Sir John Simon and his fellow-workers a chance. And that chance is the better because there have emerged Indian leaders sane enough to recognize and frank enough to avow publicly the wisdom of the postponement.

It was said of old by a commentator on the theory of compulsory religion or no religion that he could see no difference between them. It is hard to see much difference between compulsory singing of the national anthem and omission to sing it. If, as happens everywhere in the Empire except the Irish Free State, people genuinely wish to sing 'God save the King,' the singing of it is an act of loyalty, strengthening the sentiment it expresses. What purpose, however, can be served if the singing be done against the wishes of the people, as part of a bargain dictated by political considerations? The Crown is not honoured when salute to it is the result of diplomatic negotiations; still less when people squabble over the question whether it should or should not be saluted. If the dominant party in the Free State do not wish to salute it, so much the worse for them, but they should be left alone in the matter.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's proposal that the prison doors should close for ever on any person who has been convicted several times is not compatible with Christianity. That there are "hardened offenders" we admit, but the question is who hardened them. Often enough, as judges have repeatedly remarked, the hardening began by the infliction of a sentence of imprisonment on an offender who should have been dealt with otherwise. In any event, we cannot subscribe to any doctrine which denies an offender, other than a criminal of insane or enfeebled mind, the chance of self-reform. It will be time enough to talk of such measures as Sir Arthur proposes when we are certain that every conviction is in accordance with justice, that every prison is a reforming institution, and that every released prisoner gets a fair chance of earning an honest livelihood. Till then, society must put up with the nuisance of offenders who relapse into crime, lest its convenience be secured by cruelty.

Lord Byng continues his valuable work in purifying the metropolitan police. The effect may not be felt at once, but with every corrupt or indiscreet policeman removed, there is less risk of corruption and indiscretion among the force as a whole. It is in playing up to superiors or colleagues that most of the police lately found erring have erred. It is not for us to set limits to the task on which Lord Byng is at present engaged, but when

it is completed he will probably find it necessary to turn his attention to the officials occupying positions of great importance under him. There is no suggestion that they have engaged in malpractices; but they have apparently failed to discover the weaknesses of the pre-Byng system and the culpability of notoriously lax or corrupt subordinates. When the necessary clearance has been made, Lord Byng will, we hope, seriously consider the desirability of submitting to the Home Secretary a new scheme of recruitment for the higher ranks of the force. As we have said before, it would be intolerable if the avenues of advancement were closed to the ordinary constable; but that is no reason for relying wholly on the rank and file for the filling of the higher positions. Most of those positions should be occupied by men chosen from the classes from which we derive the members of the superior grades of the Civil Service.

The shocking accident to the Air Liner *City of Ottawa* in which seven persons were drowned in the Channel on Monday breaks a fine record of safety for Imperial Airways. The last previous occasion on which fare-paying passengers were killed was on Christmas Eve 1924, when seven lives were lost; since then the Company's machines have flown nearly 4,000,000 miles and carried nearly 100,000 passengers without injury. It would be extremely unfortunate were Monday's accident to shake public confidence in the safety of air traffic, which has reached a remarkable pitch. People do not hesitate to travel by train a day or a week after an accident and the same rule should apply to the air, although by their nature, and the comparative novelty of aviation as a means of transport, flying accidents retain a more sensational aspect than the facts really warrant. The fullest investigation is to be made into Monday's crash, and then we shall know the facts so far as they can ever be known; in view of what was disclosed at the inquest it may be desirable that passengers in future cross-Channel flights should inflate their lifebelts and put them on before starting, and not discard them until the sea has been safely crossed.

Much ignorant comment on the accident has been made. The evidence of one of the chief witnesses at the inquest—Mr. Fleming, who was a passenger in the machine—though doubtless it was given in good faith was of little or no value, because he was making his first flight and clearly had no idea of the difficulties of the situation. He said in his evidence "I think if we had been warned we were going to crash" etc., but of course nobody had any idea they were going to crash, least of all the pilot, whose hope was to bring the machine down safely. The essence of all accidents is that they are unexpected. Mr. Fleming also said that the machine hit the water at a steep angle whereas it is the contention of the pilot, who understands these things, that he made a "pancake" or flat landing. (We only mention these points because evidence of this kind is apt to disturb the confidence of people unaware of the technicalities of flying and because it is important that aviation should receive no set-back.)

THE "YARDSTICK"

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD is fortunate in coming into power just as certain ideas of the new President of the United States are beginning to mature. We criticized at the time what seemed to us the maladroit handling of our naval relations with America, more especially when we turned our backs on a disagreement with America and began to prepare independent drafts of agreement with France. But the faults were not all on our side, and America, now that the principle of naval equality between us has been accepted, has come to see that it is important to her no less than to the rest of the world that parity should be expressed in a reasonably low denominator. On Mr. MacDonald has descended the advantage of being at the receipt of custom on the importation of America's new ideas of a settlement into Europe, and, to do him justice, he has shown himself at once sensible of his good fortune.

His statement after his meeting with the American Ambassador at Forres reveals by its opening negative what must have been in both their minds. "We did not meet to threaten other nations," it says; and again, "We have no intention of presenting to other nations an accomplished fact which they can take or leave." Of course not. But the very fact that he troubles to deny shows the undercurrent of their thoughts. After all, it is the fact that unless America and ourselves agree, there can be no naval disarmament, and that if we agree we shall be in a position to go on our ways without necessarily heeding what others may do. But of course in the meantime we are anxious for a general agreement. The same idea was evidently at the back of the mind of General Dawes at the Pilgrims' dinner. He calls it a soul-satisfying fact that we are all agreed that it was a mistake for the two countries to disagree publicly at Geneva, and he goes on to speak of the "sacred and inviolate" principle of naval equality between us which is upheld in our inarticulate consciences and hearts. The last Foreign Minister would have thought himself the luckiest man in the world if Americans had talked like that in his time.

But General Dawes gets to closer grips than that with the problem. As we understand his argument it may be paraphrased thus: "The mistake was in putting the naval experts and politicians together to find a formula of general reduction of naval armaments. They must be kept separate, each at their own work, as was done with the reparations problem. True, when the economic experts had done their work on reparations, there was very little left for the politicians to do. We do not expect that good fortune on disarmament, for naval experts, being what they are, do not really believe in equality. But they can define the abstract and respective values of the different types. Having found their 'yardstick,' they can take it to their respective governments, who can translate it into specific proposals of equal reduction based on the yardstick's measurements. Then they can agree together in conference." For our part we are somewhat sceptical about an agreed yardstick which will express naval values

in tables as: three submarines make one destroyer, three destroyers one light cruiser, three light cruisers one armoured cruiser, and so on. The experts alone will have much the same difficulty in assessing these equivalents as when the politicians were sitting at their side. But for all that there is a rich vein of common sense in the advice to keep the experts and the politicians each at their own job. Without expecting a yardstick or a slide-rule which will enable the politicians to do their reductions mechanically, we may at least get an approximate scale of values which will give scientific precision to the specific recommendations of the politicians.

It has all along been the British contention that formulæ of equality and of reduction must be compound not simple, and must take into account varying factors such as geographical position, the relative length of sea communications to be guarded, and other variable coefficients. When the politicians get to work translating these mathematics into the terms of their own craft, they will find that what we call sea-power embraces two quite separate ideas. Navalism (which at one time Count Bernstorff used to talk so much about as the "wet bob" counterpart of the militarist "dry bob") means the relative strength of fleets which rival powers can oppose in naval engagements. It exactly corresponds to the number of army divisions in line or in reserve. But this is not the whole object of naval power. It always includes the power to keep the seas open for one's own use and that for an aggregation of States such as compose the British Empire is really a measure of internal police, for it is after all accidental whether communications between various parts of a political unity run over land and steel rails or across the water.

It further implies the right to deny the use of the seas, not only to the warships, but to the shipping of a hostile Power. We have no hope of a yardstick that will express naval power, as we say that so many firkins make a kilderkin. But we have good hopes of one that will keep the various elements of naval power distinct and calculable and so make a general agreement more likely. For the present, we would not put it higher than that.

In fact, we doubt whether the ideas of General Dawes are as mathematical as he pretends. The experts may express themselves mathematically; but when the politicians begin to work out their formulæ, they tend to express themselves in terms of law. In fact, we fully expect that full and frank discussion will sooner or later find itself walking over the hidden fires of the Freedom of the Seas. That is as may be. We need not jump before we come to the stile: and we are open to the conviction that there is no real opposition between American ideas of freedom at sea and our own; between a new sea law and our safety; between British interests and the course of sound naval disarmament. These are details which we may allow to unfold in their season. In the meantime, a great and salutary change has come over the whole question of our naval relations with the United States.

Not very long ago it looked as though we had here the makings of one of those quarrels which, beginning in misunderstanding, develop into competitive rivalry and finally into

open conflict. Such a quarrel would be an even greater calamity to the world than the late war; it would mean beginning the war over again under different forms and to different issues. From that peril which has haunted many thoughtful minds we now seem to be definitely saved, not so much by the terms of the Kellogg Pact as by the efforts that are now being made to shape policy in accordance with its spirit.

That is not all. Less than two years ago we were quarrelling with America at Geneva in the hearing of all Europe. We had gone into a conference without previous exploration together of the issues. That mistake will not again be repeated. On the contrary it is America who is now approaching the problems that then baffled us from a different angle, and we are the first and favoured confidants of her ideas. So marked is this line towards England that it has even been thought necessary to deny that we are seeking to make special terms with each other and to form a new alliance of the sea independently of other Powers. Perhaps the denial of any such intention is the safest way of saying to the world that if we and America do not agree, there can be neither security for peace nor disarmament; that if we do so, both are assured; and that on sea at any rate if we concert a common policy the consent of the rest of the world to its terms, though highly desirable, is not absolutely indispensable.

LONDON'S POLICE COURTS

RATHER more than a year ago the feeling, which for some time previously had found desultory expression, that the Metropolitan Police Magistrates of London were overworked came to a head in the Press and elsewhere. Not only, it was felt, were they overworked but the congestion of work led to excessive delay in the hearing of cases and consequent inconvenience to the public that might amount to injustice. As a result the then Home Secretary appointed two additional magistrates, thus bringing the number up to the statutory maximum of twenty-seven. Of these two appointments only one was regarded as a permanent addition to the Magisterial body; the other was temporary. In October the Home Secretary appointed a Committee to enquire into the whole matter. This Committee has now reported.

In view of the importance of a sound relationship between police and public—a matter which has lately received much prominence and on which Lord Byng in the annual police report just published has some interesting things to say—it is undesirable that any sense of grievance should arise through the handling of police cases in the courts. Since the statutory maximum of magistrates was last enlarged (from 25 to 27 in 1901) the amount and variety of work that falls upon them has been heavily increased through a number of enactments giving them jurisdiction in cases previously dealt with by other courts and also, of course, through the establishment of Juvenile Courts. In the last few years, also, there has been added an enormous amount of extra work in connexion with offences under the motoring regulations—a matter, by the way, on which the Report of the Committee is curiously

silent. In spite of this, the number of persons appearing on charges seems to have decreased, but there has been an increase in the numbers appearing on summonses. It is clear that in the interests of justice magistrates should not be overworked. At the present time the average number of days on which a Metropolitan magistrate has to sit during a working year of 46 weeks (this is allowing for six weeks' annual leave) is four per week for the whole magisterial body. This means that at some periods, owing to illness and other causes, magistrates may be working five and even six days a week. The first recommendation of the Report is that this being so, the present number of magistrates—i.e. 27—cannot reasonably be reduced and that the second and temporary of the two recent additions to the list should be made a permanency.

There are other considerations that have led them to this conclusion. The addition of two magistrates has facilitated a revision of the organization of the courts, by which two magistrates have been assigned to each of the twelve courts (and three to Bow Street). By this arrangement the working of the courts has been greatly simplified. Before, when either of the magistrates at the two single-magistrate courts (North London, and South Western) was absent through illness, the work of the other courts was deranged through the necessity of providing a substitute. Now that these two courts are served by two magistrates apiece, much of this inconvenience has been obviated. One of the worst results of congestion has been that cases requiring a protracted hearing have had to be repeatedly adjourned, owing to the magistrates' inability to give more than a short time to the case in any one day's hearing. This tendency has become, in the view of Sir Chartres Biron, the Chief Magistrate, "a public scandal." The Committee recommend in their Report that probably the best way of avoiding this delay is that cases which are likely to require a long hearing should be transferred to another court (either in the same building or in another Police Court that has two court rooms) and there heard continuously until it is disposed of. Meanwhile the ordinary work of the court can be dealt with by a colleague. This procedure further emphasizes the advantage of having two magistrates to every court.

It therefore seems certain that the statutory maximum of two magistrates will be the number engaged in future. There may be some surprise that the Committee should not have decided in favour of increasing the present maximum. In their opinion, however, this will not be necessary; they consider, indeed, that the work of the Metropolitan Police Courts is likely in the future to *decrease*, and this view they attribute to the tendency of population to shift from inner to outer London. That twenty-seven will be enough to carry on the work of the courts without undue strain is also, it seems, the view of the magistrates themselves. Time alone can prove whether they are right. On a long view probably they are; but it seems possible that in the near future the growth of traffic and traffic regulations, especially the newest regulations regarding excessive noise which are to come into force on

August 1 and seem likely to place heavy new responsibilities on the courts, will cause an increase in the volume of work.

Looking forward to the contingency of less work, the Committee make a valuable suggestion as to how, in that event, the number of magistrates should be reduced. To reduce them by one would revive the rota difficulties by once again making one of the courts a single-magistrate court. To avoid this and preserve intact the system of two-magistrate courts which they have found so valuable, they propose that no reduction should be made until the decrease of work has reached a point at which the abolition of one court (and of two magistrates) would be justified. The boundaries of the remaining courts could then be modified, and no complexity caused in the arrangement of rotas.

The Committee also considered the question of transferring some of the duties now performed by Metropolitan Magistrates to the shoulders of the London Justices. Witnesses of the London Standing Joint Committee representing the London Justices were in favour of this course (which had, in fact, been proposed by a previous Committee in 1898, and was embodied in a Bill introduced in 1901 and dropped). The present Committee feel, however, that there is as yet no adequate justification for this transfer, and they see "very great objection" to the creation of a precedent whereby certain classes of cases would be withdrawn altogether from the jurisdiction of a Stipendiary's Court. A further reason assigned for this decision is that the removal of work from Metropolitan Police Courts would reduce their receipts from fees and fines, by means of which they are supposed (though they are not) to be maintained, and so would further reduce the annual deficit on their working. This by itself would be a wholly inadequate reason and a thoroughly immoral one for placing more work upon them than they could reasonably undertake; but as things stand it is not the only reason. The Committee's Report has done valuable work in classifying the present position of the London Police Courts and investigating the complaints of critics.

SIR ESME HOWARD GOES "DRY"

[FROM OUR AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT]

WHAT the British Ambassador does and says has always a curious interest for the American public. Few Americans outside official circles could even tell one the name of the envoy of any other country, save, perhaps, that of the French Ambassador; and even he could carry on to his heart's content without provoking more than a passing comment. But with the British Ambassador things are different. There is a public demand that he be at the same time austere and gracious, generous but impeccable. His every move is chronicled—sometimes even in photographs and "movies." His words are scrutinized with an attention almost morbid. If he passes muster in every respect, he is beloved, perhaps, but let him fail by one iota and the whole country falls to gossiping.

This not entirely inexplicable limelight which plays constantly upon your representative in Washington may account for half of the notoriety which attended

his most recent gesture when he voluntarily gave up, at least temporarily, the established diplomatic privilege of importing wines and liquors for Embassy use. The British Ambassador thus projected himself into the midst of the hottest of all American debates. He appeared to take sides in a violent domestic controversy. Hence he is the most-discussed man in the States to-day.

Of course, Sir Esmé Howard had been bedevilled beyond all reason. The violent "drys" have long objected to the immunities with regard to liquor enjoyed by the diplomatic corps. They have even accused certain legations of boot-legging, and it is not unlikely that on occasion a servant or understrapper had peddled a bottle or two. In Washington, they say, the boot-leggers always claim that the liquor they offer for sale came directly from some diplomatic cellar. Hence the envoy importing the stuff lives always in fear of scandal. Or it might happen that some guest of his, having dined too well, would be picked up for reckless driving and, in his befuddled condition, blurt out the source of his joy.

All the legations run this risk. But for the British Embassy the chances are greater, for it is larger and hence more subject to leaks; it must entertain on a more lavish scale and whatever it does is subjected to greater publicity. If a load of British liquor is landed in Baltimore and taken to Washington, it is known long in advance and the newspaper photographers are on the job, their cameras ready. The next day a dozen newspapers, perhaps, print pictures of the British Ambassador's rum being unloaded at his door.

Sir Esmé apparently stood for this as long as he could. Then, when some Southern busybody wrote to him and asked him to give up his liquor, he sat down and said he was quite willing to do so provided the rest of the corps would follow suit. News of this letter was published—it was given out by the Ambassador himself—and it caused such violent discussion that Sir Esmé forthwith announced that he would give up his diplomatic privilege regardless of the course of other envoys, thus forestalling Señor Davila, the Chilean Ambassador, who had hoped to be himself the first to take this step.

Of course, the professional "drys" in Washington immediately hailed Sir Esmé's action as a great victory. The Reverend Dr. Clarence True Wilson, Secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and next to Bishop James Cannon, Jun., the most powerful of the political ecclesiastics who make their headquarters in Washington, gave out a *pronunciamento* patting Sir Esmé on the back and announcing the beginning of an intensive agitation for forcing other legations to follow suit. An attempt will be made by the clerics to get Congress to take note of the situation and resolutions will be adopted by the churches and religious organizations which are amenable to suggestion.

But though the "drys" are pleased, other groups are not so well satisfied with Sir Esmé's gesture. The first of these, one may truthfully say, is the State Department. Mr. Stimson, the Secretary, lost no time in letting it be known that he had not influenced Sir Esmé in the matter and that he did not approve of his action. Second in the list of the disgruntled is the diplomatic corps. So far as the newspaper correspondents have been able to find out, all the rest, with the exception of Señor Davila, intend to stick by their guns. Third in the list of those displeased must be put the diners-out of official Washington. They will no longer get good wine and liquor at the ambassadorial table and they do not like it.

Fourth must be listed the American diplomatic corps abroad who live in new fear that some way

will be found to make them banish wine from their tables no matter in what part of the world they may be stationed. Fifth, and most important, there is the not inconsiderable group of American "wets" (15,430,718 votes were cast for Al Smith last year) who feel that by yielding on this point Sir Esmé has taken sides in a domestic controversy. This feeling goes very deep and it has expressed itself in a paper no less important than the *New York Evening Post* which goes so far as to say that Sir Esmé "has definitely impaired his usefulness as British Ambassador to the United States." The only comfort "wets" have been able to get out of the situation is a sort of sardonic pleasure that the political "drys" (i.e. the politicians who vote "dry" but drink "wet") will no longer be able to drink their fill at the expense of Sir Esmé.

Such statements as those I have made must be largely speculative, but they represent the views of many good observers. One man pointed out that Sir Esmé would be mistaken were he to assume that even the "drys" would necessarily continue to heap adulation upon Sir Esmé. He pointed out that Mr. Andrew Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, has for eight long years done nearly everything that was demanded of him by the Anti-Saloon League but that the "drys" have never ceased to revile him. What guarantee is there, he asked, that Sir Esmé will receive better treatment than the richest man in America, particularly since it has just been publicly hinted that Sir Esmé will continue to serve wine on his private dinner table? This same observer called my attention to another possibility. "If Volsteadism is good enough for the British Embassy why isn't it good enough for British ships?" he asked. And there is that in the constitution of the "dry" fanatics in this country which makes it quite possible that some of them are asking that question in no jesting mood.

A LETTER FROM OXFORD

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Oxford, June 19, 1929

AFTER Michaelmas, when the news goes round that your present correspondent has gone down, no doubt there will be rejoicing among the aldermen and on the Preservation Trust; thus passes, they may remark with satisfaction, all that seeks to ruffle their timeless complacency; to outlive criticism is the simplest method of replying to it. Yet not even the opportunity of bringing their exploits up to date must deflect this last Letter from its obvious obligation of summing up, as far as possible, the outcome of three years' not uncritical observation. Is Oxford decadent? Is she keeping abreast of modern needs, and if so, is it done at the cost of tradition and scholarship? In fact, is she justifying her existence? Although the deplorable and misdirected inquisitiveness of the penny Press has done little to make such questions popular in Oxford, they are, all the same, worth taking seriously.

In the first place, as Europe, if not England, has long since recognized, Oxford is not a seat of learning. Three years, or often four, are spent on an Honour School which any reasonably intelligent person could get through in one, or very comfortably in two. McDougall, with unexpected obtuseness, classes Oxford as a continuation of the public school system which fends off introspection by a cunningly prepared schedule providing for every moment of the victims' time. Nothing could be more grotesque; even of Cambridge that would be an exaggeration, and Oxford is definitely the enemy, or at any rate the counterweight, of the public school. There are

few institutions in which the majority have so much leisure thrown almost compulsorily on their hands, and at the same time such ample provision for absorbing it. At the extreme, freedom goes almost to the verge of anarchy, which the few effective rules only serve to emphasize; there is then no compulsion on anyone to do anything, either through authority, which in such cases withdraws as far as its own safety will allow, or in public opinion which, being purely academic, can hardly be said to exist.

If this liberty is not so well used as it might be, the undergraduate is scarcely to blame. Brought up, in most cases, under a system where the hierarchy of leadership is of prime importance and where initiative, imagination, originality are at best not encouraged if they should be presumptuous enough not to coincide with conferred authority, he finds himself transplanted to a community which is, largely for that reason, conspicuously lacking in leaders, among either undergraduates, or, worse still, dons. The vast host of the made-to-be-led suddenly deprived of its leaders is probably the most conspicuous present feature of Oxford; much more so, I imagine, than at Cambridge, because the contrast with the public school is much more pronounced. There is no doubt that the energy of Oxford might be much more profitably exploited if this poverty could be brought to an end; any don with initiative and a good head could exercise a tremendous influence. Yet the cause quite clearly is lower down; by the time people come up, the public school has left its mark indelibly upon them. But while it is difficult to believe that the present state of affairs can be anything but wasteful, since it must abandon as the prey of bridge and golf many who would otherwise develop fertile interests and communicate them widely later on, there is, of course, an opposite danger in excessive leadership. As it gained ground it must become better organized and carry with it a public opinion which might put on those standing out, whether a minority or not, a pressure which would amount to a sort of compulsion; the sort of pressure, in fact, which has only just been stamped out in games; in that case it would tend to reduce the University once more to the plight of a glorified public school, and no amount of increased efficiency could make that worth while. The ideal method, then, of remedying this deficiency appears to be the creation of personal centres of influence, such as already exist in one or two cases, for example in archaeology and economics, and the deliberate expansion of the practice of getting down first-rate men of all sorts to lecture on their own subjects. To a certain extent organization is permissible; in the Exploration Club, for instance, which is sending out an expedition next month to penetrate to the tree-top zone of the tropical jungle in British Guiana, it has been shown to be possible to create an effective undergraduate organism handling difficult problems with a minimum of interference from above.

The present remarkable disharmony between Oxford and the mass of the public schools from which she is recruited is clearly due to a lag in their adjustment to the new situation; it will be surprising if in the course of the next generation her influence, both indirectly and through the schoolmasters she sends out, does not adapt them in the same way as they became adapted to boat-race Oxford of the nineteenth century, which after all only ceased about 1921.

Oxford, then, is very far from being decadent; the completeness of her transformation is one of the few major signs, in this middle-aged country, that England may really have learnt enough from the war, and absorbed enough of the new European spirit, to maintain in the twentieth century something of the ascendancy which she won in the nineteenth. The fact that this transformation has been spontaneous, and has come chiefly from below, is also a good sign, although it involves a lack of direction which is apt

to be wasteful of opportunity. The present want of enterprise is not congenial; it is the result of the public-school basis remaining unmodified when Oxford has ceased to demand that particular set of limitations, and no doubt will soon be overcome. Even now there are glimmerings of a proper spirit; the hideous begging notice-boards lately erected by the Oxford Preservation Trust for the benefit of people appreciating the landscape up the Cherwell which it has acquired were thrown into the river with such promptness that few had to suffer the shock of seeing them, and this by quite ordinary undergraduates acting purely on their own initiative.

Although, therefore, Oxford is certainly safe to maintain, and probably to improve, her position, modern changes have created many problems for her which she needs more energy and better government to solve with success. There is, for example, the problem of numbers; two universities in England, two in Canada and at least twenty in the United States have passed her in student strength, and at the same time the City of Oxford has developed industries of a scale and encroaching power which provide the elements of something like a modern town-and-gown feud, which, owing to the apathy of the University over its own interests, has so far remained almost dormant. The decision between a small, compact definitely limited University and one permitted to expand in obedience to demand can hardly be indefinitely postponed; in fact, the first instalment of this decision was virtually made by the limitation of women two years ago. The continued dithering over the fate of the Taylorian and the regrettable collapse to the line of least resistance over the Bodleian give sufficient evidence of the fact that however well administered the University may be it is not, and hardly can be under the present system, well governed. No doubt such problems and the struggles which their solution must bring on will help to keep my successors out of idleness; at least they will not have the unhappiness of chronicling the decay of Oxford.

WITH ABSOLUTE DISCRETION

By J. B. STERNDALÉ BENNETT

HAVING nothing of the slightest value to leave to anybody I have lately been persuaded to the making of a will. It was impressed upon me—and to this day I cannot feel the cogency of the argument—that the mere fact that I was a man of few possessions made it doubly important that I should make a testamentary disposition of them. I approached the matter in a dubious and half-jesting spirit, but by the time my lawyer had finished with me I felt an unaccustomed sense of sobriety of behaviour which was not displeasing.

It is possible, I know, to make a will with the aid of Whitaker's Almanack, which, if you follow the instructions implicitly, will not be invalid. Stationers sell ready-made blue forms for the purpose and no doubt there is advice to be gained from 'Every Man His Own Lawyer.' But by these cheap evasions you necessarily miss half the sensations of self-importance which accrue from a visit to a real and personal lawyer.

My lawyer (it is the first time I ever had one, so he must forgive the proud possessive)—my lawyer lives in a charming side-alley near the Temple, and from the window of his room you have a view of old roofs and the tops of plane trees. His armchair is so comfortable that it can only be the mental agitation of his clients which prevents them from lingering in its embrace. He himself is so kindly, and yet so sternly aloof in his own realm of legal practice, that the neuroses of the murderer might for the

moment be soothed under his reassuring touch. Even such a humdrum affair as the drawing-up of a phantom will he managed to invest with a certain dignity as he sat, with his pad in front of him, silver pencil in hand, and in the same tones he would use to a Coutts or a Rothschild said: "Now, what are your general ideas?"

I said I had only one particular idea, which was to leave my whole fortune lock, stock and barrel to my daughter. Remarking that this was very proper he suddenly transformed that strapping young woman into my "infant child," which I thought very pathetic, though I made a reservation not to let it go any further, as she is of an age to be touchy about such matters. We then proceeded to the appointment of trustees to administer for her my impalpable estate. We agreed to these and it seemed that, with one sweeping gesture, I had endowed her with everything I have or may have, such as funeral, testamentary expenses and death duties, except those disposed of by codicil, which I thought very handsome on my part. At least, I have not yet made a codicil and shall not do so unless she seriously displeases me.

But we were not yet finished. A tap of the pencil announced another thought from that comprehending brain. "By the way," said my lawyer, "you should appoint a literary executor." "What on earth for?" I asked. "It is usual," he explained, "it is often very useful, there may be a question of new editions, revivals of your plays and so on. You should leave someone behind to safeguard your royalties, to be responsible for the business side."

Now this seemed to me to be carrying the farce a little too far. It was all very well to dispose of chimerical properties, but to ask anyone seriously to execute literature which did not exist was nothing but a gross impertinence. However, I was secretly not a little flattered, so I agreed that it was a most necessary appointment. "Undoubtedly," said my lawyer; "have you thought of anyone?" "Who is there?" I asked, "who is there, I mean, who does that sort of thing?" "Well, you should choose a friend, someone of your own age, younger, if possible, who knows how to make contracts and deal with publishers."

This was a little disappointing, for it had flashed through my mind that when, after my death, my will appeared in *The Times*, I might have achieved a little vicarious importance by appointing some great person such as the Lord Chancellor for the time being, or even a very distinguished author of world-wide reputation. But no, I had to know the fellow and he had to give promise of outliving me, so I chose the man I thought would be the least offended with the whole buffoonery and obtained his consent over the telephone. When his name was duly entered for the sinecure, another clause was drafted which contained such comfortable words as "all the copyright and other rights which is or are subsisting in this or other countries . . . absolute discretion after consultation with my publishers . . . net proceeds to form part of my residuary estate. . . ." And when I had read and approved this farrago I ceased for ever to be a journalist and became in my vanity a man of letters. In fact, the very next time I was called upon to witness a signature to an agreement I gave my occupation as that of "author" with a boldness that surprised myself.

It will wear away and I can offer as excuse my conviction that the making of wills almost always excites strange and unreal feelings in a man. At least, mine was straightforward, and I was merely trapped into the unwarrantable self-flattery. I did not, as other men have done, go out deliberately to seek posthumous notoriety by making a bombastic

will, an impish will or even a wilful will. I did not say that not a copyright of mine should be hers if my daughter joined the Roman Catholic faith, or smoked tobacco or married more than once. I did not even seek to perpetuate my name by leaving a few continental editions to found a cot in a hospital or a scholarship at a correspondence college. I have always wondered at the effrontery of people who do such things, as I have read those grotesque lists of bequests which appear in the newspapers:

£1,000 to the Master and Fellows to found a Tompkins Prize;
£1,000 to the Dogs' Home to found a Tompkins Kennel;
£20,000 to the Lifeboat Institution to found a Tompkins Lifeboat;
£500 to the Borough to provide a Tompkins water trough.
And my estate "The Burdens" to be held in trust in perpetuity as a public park to be known as the Tompkins Arboretum.

A generous sum is generally set aside to provide a statue to Tompkins in his native town, but, as all who have lived in the provinces know, only a few generations are to pass before his concrete benefactions will bear a name buried as surely as if the bones of Tompkins were in a pauper's grave. I do not, however, wonder that men and women should have seized this last instrument to impose their authority, to indulge their eccentricities, or to round off their philanthropy. I only say that often it seems, when faced with the document, they lose their sense of proportion and their sense of humour. I can understand, and to some extent sympathize with, the warped benevolence of the dear old ladies who leave their money to starved cats instead of to starving people. I can understand the satisfaction that the rich must feel in leaving their money to the rich, instead of to the poor, but I am frankly a little puzzled when I see, as I so often do, the disposition of the estate of a millionaire including some such grant as: "To my butler, John Juggins, in recognition of a lifetime of faithful service, £50; that is, if still in my employment and not under notice to quit." This is generally headed in the newspapers: "Great Treasury Windfall." Quite so, but it is not much of a windfall for poor old Juggins.

But a man's humour, if he has any, lies sleeping when he is composing the dread testament. He cannot see how funny it is to leave £100,000 to an Art Gallery and only £50 to Juggins, to put in all the flummery about devotion and the threat of withholding it if Juggins does not behave himself to his employer's last gasp. After all, he is writing something that will remain in the National Archives until Somerset House falls about its foundations and he has no business to be flippant about it. Those who are are not regarded with approval by the Probate officials or, should the will be disputed, by Judges of the High Court. There was a man who left a sum of money to his club, the interest of which was to be expended in such fashion that after his death his friends could still have a meal or a drink with him as they had done many times when he was alive. But it was of no avail. The will was set aside. Anyone who could make such a preposterous bequest was obviously insane.

So that my will, as I have said, is a simple, dignified affair which will cause no excitement when it is read, no flutter in the breast of my relations, and I am afraid not much satisfaction to its sole beneficiary. But it is a good thing well done, and all that is regrettable about it is the conceit I am in about it myself, for when next I am in company and my good friend H. enters the room, I shall not be able to forbear nudging my next-door neighbour and saying: "Do you know who that is, the intellectual looking man in rough tweeds? You don't? He is a man with absolute discretion. I gave it to him. He is my literary executor. That is, if he can find any publishers to consult."

AN AFTERNOON AT LORD'S

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

IT is high time the Church of England honoured the memory of Thomas Lord, who brought his turf with him to the St. John's Wood Road and there opened his cricket ground. A parson in London has few compensations for wearing a black coat, listening to idle women, and trying to be more virtuous than other professional men on far less income. But one of those compensations is that on a fine afternoon in June he can put on an old hat and an alpaca coat, stuff some cut Virginia into his pouch, and go to Lord's. The other day, when I was there, I saw rows of happy clergymen. The Church cannot ignore Thomas Lord much longer.

If the sun shines fairly out of the blue, once you are inside the gates at Lord's, St. John's Wood ceases to be a residential district, a conglomeration of villas and flats, and roads reeking and blistered with tar. It really turns into a wood. I do not say this because in the gaps between stand and pavilion you can see the gold edges of leaves in sunlight, though you can, and very pleasant it is too. This most verdant of arenas might indeed be anywhere, miles and miles from a town. But that is not what I mean. It turns into a wood that is actually a part of that old Forest of Arden. There, you remember, they "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the olden world." At Lord's you may fleet the time carelessly, which is more than we Yorkshiremen can do on our own cindery acres when there is cricket afield. By the way, how exactly, curiously right Shakespeare is for cricket! What a shame it is he never had the chance of seeing the Warwickshire eleven! If Aristotle could be given the works of Shakespeare, and then, after being blindfolded and turned round three times, could be shown a cricket match, he would declare at once that the poet and the game had been produced by the same race of men. They have the same atmosphere.

I always see cricket in this rich atmosphere, just as I see the fishes at the Zoo's Aquarium in their beautiful little tanks. I can no more coldly examine the players against a background of facts and figures than I can think of those exquisite fishes, out of their tanks, in terms of gills and fins. I take a poetical interest in the game, unlike the real poets of my acquaintance, who either take no interest in it at all or are Wisden men to the last decimal point. I care nothing for the statistical side of cricket. I do not want to be doing sums while I watch the fielders race over the green turf. I like to hear the sound of bat against ball without being disturbed by the noise of shattered records. I can make knowing remarks about leg-breaks and late cuts with the next man, but when the jolly game turns into arithmetic I take my leave. It only does this, however, in print and talk, and not on the grass at Lord's.

When I stood for a few minutes in front of the hotel, the other afternoon, having entered by that gate, and saw before me the white figures on the sunlit turf and heard behind me

the cheerful noises of the beer drinkers, it seemed to me that I was not standing in a scene of our own time. This was a little corner of an older London. At any moment, the great W. G. himself might emerge from the pavilion, gigantically, like Wotan. The newspapers they were selling all round me would have leaders on the mysterious politics of Joe Chamberlain. Arthur Roberts would be appearing at the Tivoli this very night. The players would leave the ground in hansom cabs. For a minute or two I felt like a ghost.

As soon as I walked forward and stared harder, I was back in our own time. There was Sutcliffe, brown as a brushwood boy, flicking his wrist; and there was Hammond, jumping out like a great cat. Nobody could have felt less ghostly than I did then. The blue canopy above, the emerald oval of the turf, the white stands broken by groups of blue and brown dots, the rows of sunburnt necks just in front of me; the merry staccato tune of bat and ball, the sudden shout, the clapping that followed the ball to the boundary, the popping of corks in the bar; why, who, seeing and hearing these things, could believe that the huge clock over there is ticking us away and that some day we shall all be dead? That clock at Lord's should wear a different face from any other, to show that it merely marks the hours of the day's game and nothing else. Lord's is really outside time, and we go there to see mortality follow on and then be defeated by an innings and a million runs.

There is a corner of this ground that Thomas Carlyle would have been glad to see, for it is dedicated to heroes and hero-worship. You can look down upon that entrance to the pavilion used by the professional players, and there you will see elderly clergymen, small boys, retired tea planters, and grandmother-burying clerks, all united by hero-worship into one gazing and expectant throng. If you know one of these brown-faced heroes, and can cry "Now, Tom," and receive an answering nod, then you yourself are touched fleetingly by the heroic and for a moment or two are able to stand apart from common men. The great chiefs themselves hardly seem to notice this adoration, having lived for years in it, I imagine, and being at heart pleasant modest fellows. They try to pretend that nobody is there. The only people who obviously lap up this homage are the very young professionals attached to the ground, for they all sit, becaped and flannelled, on the balcony, and look self-consciously at the crowd, their glances suggesting that at any moment they may be asked to put away their cigarettes and stalk out to make a century for England. But they cannot deceive us, try as they may to look like Maurice Tate or Patsy Hendren. Nevertheless, we envy them, for there they sit in that magic enclosure, smoking at ease behind the scenes.

If there are no great men to be seen, you may look at the cricket bags, piled up by the railings below. These cylinders of worn leather are not really bags at all, they are pieces of cricket history. Those little shreds of label are parts of an epic. To do them justice I should have to borrow the pen of Mr. Neville Cardus, that most excellent writer and most artful of journalists—

for he writes about music in winter and cricket in summer, and, in short, seems to have everything his own way. Let us leave him with the bags.

And now it is tea time. I have heard people sneer at cricket because it is not played like hey-go-mad, because it leaves time for a man to have some pressed beef and lettuce and beer (it is the beeriest of all games, and there never was a good umpire yet who was not bunged up with bitter), and, later, bread and jam and tea. But we English know that this is one of the attractions of the game, part of its unique charm. It is a leisurely, civilized game; and it includes in itself beef and beer and tea and tobacco, just as it includes white flannels, brown faces, the sun in its heaven, and the smell of mown grass. It is a rich human festival, not merely so much skill and brute strength, and Lord's, of course, is the perfect urban setting for it. (The very name is a gorgeous piece of luck. Suppose it had been Thomas Bogg who had founded it.) On my way to tea I see Mr. Fender talking to a friend, and I am startled because Mr. Fender is one of those public characters who are exactly like their caricatures, so that it is startling to discover they are real people. By the time I have eaten my third bit of bread and apricot jam, Mr. White, looking very handsome, has walked over to the professional's end, to call out his men. In another minute everybody will have forgotten whether it was Indian or China tea they ordered twenty minutes before. Larwood will be racing down towards the wicket, with his thunderbolt of a ball in his hand; and Freeman, like a genial Nibelung, will be sending down those cunning ones that look as if they are going to be quite fast but somehow slow up in mid-air.

When the earth is about to be destroyed and the gates of Heaven are opened wide, I shall expect to see four great angels carrying one tiny piece away from the doomed globe, so that it may be set down in some sunny corner of paradise, where cricket matches go on for ever though never at less than a run a minute. Thomas Lord will have claimed his turf again.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

LESSONS OF THE ELECTION

SIR,—During the campaign in the late election, there seemed to be no enthusiasm in the Conservative Party, only a little polite applause from the elderly men and women who filled the hall at any Conservative meeting. The Socialists are daily gaining fresh supporters, particularly among the young men and women. If we are to forestall them, and recapture the ground that has been lost, we must endeavour to emulate the peculiar crusading spirit of the Labour Party.

A Socialist can always tell you why he is one. He will expatiate with fiery enthusiasm upon the plans and policies of his party. On the other hand, the Conservative can seldom give adequate reasons for subscribing to his party's creed. At pompous banquets he will toast "The Cause," but he will be

unable to define it in terms of principle and policy. More often than not his Conservatism springs from heredity, snobbery or a negative anti-socialism.

The Labour Party owes its growing strength to the fact that behind it is the Socialist movement, in which there is a dynamic force which captures the hearts and imaginations of young men and women and harnesses their enthusiasm to assist in its work. If the Conservative Party is to regain the support it has lost, it must become the Conservative movement, active with ideas, and not be content to rest complacently upon four and a half years' growth of laurels. In your Notes of the Week you complain of "the persistent failure of headquarters to keep touch with the intellectual forces making for Conservatism." I would go a step further and condemn the failure of these intellectual forces to organize.

The historian of the future will find in the Fabian Society one of the main causes contributing to the rise of the Labour Party. Although the strength of the Fabians is now on the wane, the influence that they have exerted in the past can hardly be exaggerated. They have mellowed the crudities of the early days, and supplied the intellectual motives of British Socialism during the past forty years. In the Conservative Party, which should constantly be renewing its principles and policies, no parallel organization exists. If there were such a society, to be a nursery for the statesmen of the next generation, to keep in touch with the intellectual forces, to state principles and formulate policies, then the ideals of the younger men and women in the party would gain sufficient strength to enable them to permeate and mould the official policy.

The Central Office exists to expound and explain. This society would exist to create. Eventually it would kindle again the enthusiasm for the Conservative Party that is lacking in the youth of the country. They must have scope for the expression of their ideals, for, as the Prime Minister said the other day, when presenting to the public his cabinet of Elder Statesmen, "It is not well that slackening hands and minds should be too long in possession. The young must have room."

I am, etc.,

JOHN VAUGHAN-MORGAN

1 Hans Place, S.W.1

ELECTORAL REFORM

SIR,—Mr. Malcolm Brereton has fallen into a common error in supposing that Professor Gilbert Murray's defeat in the Oxford University election was due to proportional representation. Had the University been fought as a two-member constituency under the ordinary rules, each elector would have had two votes, and as most Conservatives would have voted the straight party ticket, the two Conservative candidates, Lord Hugh Cecil and Sir Charles Oman, would have been returned by an overwhelming majority. Under proportional representation each elector had but one vote, and though the transfer of the surplus votes obtained by Lord Hugh Cecil over and above those necessary to secure his election was sufficient to secure Sir Charles Oman's return, the final majority was less than 600. Proportional representation gave Professor Murray a fighting chance which he otherwise would not have had.

Professor Murray suffered from the fact that polling in the University constituency did not take place till the result of the General Election was known. Many Conservatives who might have been inclined to give him their second choice on the ground of his personal distinction felt that in view of the result of the election they ought not to run the risk of weakening their party still further.

I am, etc.,

S. R. DANIELS

Boars Hill

SIR,—Mr. Brereton's gibe at the working of proportional representation in the Oxford University election falls flat because it is based on an entirely false assumption. He assumes that had this two-member constituency been elected under the present electoral system, the figures would have been those shown in the first count under proportional representation.

Actually as Oxford is a two-member constituency, every elector would have two votes and the 6,000 electors who chose Lord Cecil as their first preference and the 2,000 who voted for Sir Charles Oman would have voted for both of them. The figures would have been, roughly: Cecil 8,000, Oman 8,000 Murray 3,000.

I agree with your correspondent that this seems disproportionate. Proportional representation presupposes three- or four-member constituencies, and its working in a two-member constituency is an incomplete test. Were Oxford and Cambridge one constituency, it would be a fair example. I would then await with interest Mr. Brereton's criticism, and hope that it would be better informed.

I am, etc.,

E. V. FULK

11 Fitzjohn's Avenue, N.W.3

SIR WILLIAM JOWITT IN 1931

SIR,—The Labour Party is in power. Sir William Jowitt is a member of the Labour Party. His letters and explanations make it quite clear that he can conscientiously support any measure that the party will be able to carry in the present state of the parties. He is therefore justified in becoming a member of their Government, for the life of the present Parliament. But what will happen in 1931, the year that seems to be accepted as likely to see its termination? We are surely entitled to ask that our representatives shall look two years ahead. Many of them, indeed, profess to look much further.

It may be that we shall see a big Conservative "come-back." In that case Sir William will be all right. The evil moment will have been staved off. It may also be, however, that Labour, thus in leading-strings, will have won the heart of the country, and return with an absolute majority. Presumably, since Sir William is a member of the party, he hopes so. In that case, what is his position?

He will then stand committed to the development of the "Red Book" programme. Does he believe in this? If he does why did he stand as a Liberal? If not, what will he do? He can hardly expect—to do justice to his acumen it must be admitted that he does not expect—to go back to the fold.

So far as it is possible to see, there is only one way open—for Mr. Jowitt to exercise the privilege of his office, and retire from politics to the impartial security of the bench. It might also be possible merely to retire from politics—but this would be asking too much.

I am, etc.,

A. M. W.

NON-PARTY APPOINTMENT OF MINISTERS

SIR,—At the Easter Conference of the I.L.P. (i.e., the Independent Labour Party of which Mr. Maxton, M.P., is Chairman) a resolution was passed expressing the opinion that the appointment of Ministers to the Cabinet and the Government should in future not be at the sole discretion of the Premier. All our Press cast ridicule on this proposition, while some "editorials" went to the length of saying or suggesting that there was something "subversive" and "unpatriotic" in allowing a Party as a whole, rather than its accepted chief, to make such appointments. The arguments advanced, in so far as they were

arguments at all, sounded very unconvincing—indeed, no more convincing than were the “arguments” advanced just before the war in the Liberal papers against the principle of the referendum, although this political method works admirably in Switzerland on the occasions it is used.

Personally I regard the I.L.P. resolution mentioned above as containing one of the few really sound ideas expressed at the I.L.P. Conference. Support for my view has actually been furnished by recent events, and oddly enough, by the comments on these events in the same journals that denounced the I.L.P. proposal. The two events I am referring to are: (1) Mr. Jowitt's very sudden conversion to Labour only a few days after his being elected as a Liberal M.P. in Preston, (2) Sir Henry Slesser's appointment as a Lord Justice of Appeal only a few days after being elected as Labour M.P. for a Yorkshire constituency.

Where, then, is the much vaunted “democracy” of our Parliamentary system—whose beauties Labour politicians and, not the least, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, have never tired of praising—when such events can take place and *cannot be prevented by the voter?* (N.B. Please allow me to say that, although I am here taking the Labour politicians to task, I consider the other two parties are quite ready, as in the past, to do much the same thing.) Where, then, is the beauty of our system as compared, say, with the Russian Bolshevik system or with the Italian Fascist system? Or is “beauty” as a political term applied because “plums”—political plums—are beautiful only to the recipients and the donor?

If twenty per cent. of our newly elected Conservative M.P.s went over to Labour (and incidentally gave that party an absolute majority) there is no method known to our Parliamentary institutions to prevent them from doing so, nor can we compel the resignation from Parliament of any individual once he is elected as M.P. He can change his party at will to the *complete ignoring* of his electors and constituents. The I.L.P. idea mentioned above would at least act as a slight, a very slight, brake on these peculiar manœuvres of prominent politicians. I have said nothing about the insult to the rank-and-file electors involved in these manœuvres. If I were a Labour voter in Sir Henry Slesser's late constituency, I should be inclined to vote for his opponent as a protest against this sort of thing.

I am, etc.,

J. C. MACGREGOR

TRUE SOCIAL REFORM

SIR,—The letter in your issue of June 8 signed by “Nomadic Doctor” is very welcome to those who, interested for many years in the betterment of our race and the conditions of life of our poorer classes, have been continually forced to the conclusion that the question is fundamentally one of excessive population. Education, health, morality, happiness, are all thwarted by overcrowding, poverty, and disease; and for the most part these conditions are simply due to an excess of numbers crowded into our large towns. The poorest are reckless in their production of children; relief from emigration is insignificant; and additional congestion is caused by continual influx both from our countryside and from foreign countries.

Until these essential evils are counteracted by enlightened movements in the opposite directions, not only must the huge expenditure, public and private, on social improvements be largely wasted, but all such efforts must eventually end in frustration. What is the good, for instance, of frantic efforts to increase housing accommodation if the town populations are going on swelling and keeping the congestion up to the same standard? How can town planners plan with any reasonable success

when they cannot tell what increases of population they must provide for?

So long as our race was taking full advantage of its unpopulated dominions, a check on population was less necessary. So long as wars were likely to be an almost normal condition, and while they were to be won only by massed battalions, a very vigorous birth-rate may have been a requisite safeguard. But emigration is slack; wars on a big scale will, we trust, become rare; and victory will depend, not on numbers, but on scientific training and physical fitness.

I may not go all the way with “Nomadic Doctor” as to the methods he commends, and I would supplement them by others, especially a steady and patient education of the popular mind. But I heartily agree with him that a movement is urgently needed, and I trust that you, Sir, will be willing to put him in touch with others who think as he does, so that we may confer about this vital national problem.

I am, etc.,

“CIVIL SERVANT”

BATTLES ABOUT BIRDS

SIR,—Mr. Bayne's classification of me as “a confirmed Darwinian” reminds me that I have now at hand, awaiting publication, a record of facts which, so far as I know, though they appear to me to be of high scientific import, were never once touched upon by Darwin and have nothing, of which he was conscious, to do with his views. Indeed, I really hardly know whose confirmed follower, in regard to them, I am, and may find myself at last, or rather, as I hope, be found (for personally I never had a doubt) a quite independent observer and deducer.

It is, indeed, unfortunately the case that facts noted down as they occurred, with the dates also given as part of their credentials (which I think only right) insist upon taking the form of a diary, which it would seem, from the tone of the allusion, is a rather contemptible thing. But facts are facts, however framed, and when once they have been chronicled improved deductions from them may be left to follow in time—in any number of wished ways. So, as my “facts” according to Mr. Bayne “are good” and, however much they may appear not to, do really verify all his own unverified assumptions, it should be much to his honour and glory if these new ones were brought forward, and I should be most grateful either to him or anyone else who could put me in the way of finding a publisher for them; for, in short, the general public is highly indifferent to original field observation, which therefore is not *les Indes* in the book-trade.

In the interests of science some way, I think, ought to be found of overcoming this difficulty, as, say, a Free Fact Publication Bureau, to be run out of profits on the sale of mechanical novels below a certain Plimsoll-mark of trashiness. That would cover all the expenses and turn the morbid influence of a low type of fiction into a mighty and ever-growing power for the advancement of truth and sound deduction.

I am, etc.,

EDMUND SELOUS

MUSIC

CHALIAPIN'S ‘BORIS’

THE opera called ‘Boris Godounov,’ which has been presented at Covent Garden during the past week, is a very different work from that which was composed some sixty years ago by Moussorgsky. The original work consisted of four acts with a pro-

logue and the final scene was, in effect, an epilogue balancing the first scene of the prologue. Although, as I shall point out, Moussorgsky did not manage his dramatic action with the skill of an experienced man of the theatre, the opera is constructed upon a clear and well-conceived pattern, for in the first scene the Russian people are seen begging, under compulsion, Boris to assume the throne, while in the last they are shown in revolt against his wise and benevolent rule. Between these two scenes the personal tragedy of Boris, whose treatment by Poushkin owes an obvious debt to 'Macbeth,' is worked out. Into the well-knit design of the drama, the character of the Pretender Dimitri inconveniently, though of necessity, intrudes. It is difficult for the auditor to take much interest in the intrigues of Rangoni, the Jesuit, Marina and her Polish Court, and the matter is made worse by the falling-off in the composer's inspiration, when he came to these scenes. Perhaps Moussorgsky, too, was bored by politics.

The original 'Boris' differed, then, from any other opera in existence at the time in that the chorus, representing the Russian people, were exalted to a position at least as important as that of the eponymous hero, and laboured under the disadvantage of a libretto, somewhat loosely constructed and, according to the canons of the day, dramatically ineffective. For in 1874, when the opera was produced, the stroke of genius with which the opera ends—the pitiful, but prophetic, wailing of the idiot-boy—was unappreciated. At the same time, Moussorgsky's friends perceived the beauty of individual scenes in the work, and after his death Rimsky-Korsakov, who had been among his intimates, undertook the task of re-casting the opera in a more practicable form.

It is fashionable nowadays to decry Rimsky-Korsakov's recension. No words are too hard for him and a perusal of some of the pamphlets written upon the subject give one the impression of a wicked scoundrel deliberately ruining the masterpiece of a dead genius or of an imbecile doing irreparable damage to it, as though he were an incompetent picture-restorer "repainting" according to his commonplace ideas an El Greco or a van Gogh. Rimsky-Korsakov was neither of these things. A piece of music is not damaged by editing, so long as the original exists, and, although the whole text of Moussorgsky's manuscript had to await publication until last year, when an admirably printed edition was issued by the Oxford University Press,* Rimsky-Korsakov's arrangement in no way supersedes the original, which, in his own words, "remain intact." Indeed, I am convinced that but for the work done by Rimsky-Korsakov to reduce the unwieldy opera to a practicable form, the world at large would still be ignorant of this great music-drama and, because there would have been no impulse to examine Moussorgsky's score, the authentic version would never have been published in our time, if at all.

Rimsky-Korsakov certainly did some injudicious things, which appear indefensible at the present day. Apart from making the cuts, which would be necessary in any acting edition, he transposed the order of the scenes in Act IV, thereby destroying the symmetry of the original design. In the second place, he altered the harmony and the orchestration, in order to bring it into line with his professorial views of the one and his own facility in the other. Here again we need not judge him quite as hardly as his critics, for, although he did no doubt destroy something of the rugged strength of Moussorgsky's music, it is at least doubtful whether the clumsiness of the composer in

matters of musical construction would have been outweighed by his unquestionable genius for hitting individual nails on the head. It is very easy to praise Moussorgsky, and very difficult to assess the justice of such praise without hearing a performance of the original score. At any rate, until I have heard such a performance, I shall remain unconvinced that the crude version of Dimitri's march and entry in the last scene is really better than Rimsky-Korsakov's splendid emendation of it.

What we were given at Covent Garden—and for that matter at Drury Lane before the war—was yet another version, which I will call Chaliapin's 'Boris,' since it is designed, even more than Rimsky-Korsakov's, to throw the emphasis upon the Tsar at the expense of the Russian people. In this version an even more senseless alteration is made in the order of the scenes; the Pretender's escape from his monastery is placed before the scene of Boris's coronation, which actually occurred some twenty years previously. The coronation scene is part of the original Prologue; the scene in Pimen's cell is the first in Act I. But what matters chronology beside the convenience and glory of a great actor? For Chaliapin, notwithstanding some loss of power and a corresponding resort to mannerism of gesture, remains that, although his methods belong to a school of acting which passed away in this country when Sir Herbert Tree died. Vocally, Chaliapin is but the ghost of his former self, but his mastery over significant inflection, whereby he makes the meaning of every phrase as clear as if one understood Russian, remains supreme. Although he no longer portrays the Tsar as a man of forceful character—he made him lamentably weak in the scene with Prince Shuisky—he is still absolutely successful in those scenes where Boris's tenderness to his children and mental agony are displayed.

Chaliapin had the advantage and the disadvantage of acting with a company which, as a whole, barely achieved competence. Advantage, because he could easily act everyone else off the stage; disadvantage, because he had to bear the whole burden of the opera. The Varlaam of Baccaloni, which was vocally the best thing in the performance, alone approached his standard, and he was, not unnaturally, an Italian friar rather than an Orthodox monk. The chorus, who have so important a part to play, was listless and the production was wretched. The coronation scene, which depends for its effect so much upon the brilliance of the spectacle, was a paltry affair, which might easily be eclipsed by a municipal procession. So, whatever one's feelings about the injustice done to Moussorgsky's opera, one must at least be grateful to Chaliapin for a few great moments during the long evening, which at least served to revive the remembrance of things past and never, one fears, to be wholly recaptured.

H.

THE THEATRE

"AND WE ARE FOR THE DARK"

BY IVOR BROWN

All God's Chillun Got Wings. By Eugene O'Neill. The Court Theatre.

THIS piece of Mr. O'Neill's on the subject of black-and-white marriage was presented at the Gate Theatre during the spring. Miss Helena Pickard and Mr. Harold Young gave, I remember, two very good performances under difficulties in an uneven play, which begins well and then wanders off into the realms of high-flown bosh. Their places are now taken by Miss Beatrix Lehmann and Mr. Frank

* 'Boris Godunov,' an Opera in four acts with a prologue, by M. Moussorgsky, edited by Paul Lamm, with French and English translations by M. D. Calvocoressi. Oxford University Press. 30s.

Wilson, who enjoy the resources of a larger stage and a more ample production. Mr. Wilson, who played the name-part in 'Porgy,' is a coloured actor and is therefore spared the physical difficulties encountered by Mr. Young. There is always something a trifle ludicrous about a white actor who has been to the coal-box for his make-up. Mr. Raymond Massey recently gave a magnificent performance of this kind in 'The Black Ace,' a preposterous play about a negro gentleman who underwent a temporarily successful operation to make him white, dashed off to woo a white lady in the heart of the Ku Klux Klannery, and then began most inconveniently to go black in patches. It takes a fair dose of the colour-cult to make one tolerate such stuff as this, even when Mr. Massey plays it so brilliantly as to wring tragedy from tomfoolery, and the London public naturally stayed away. 'All God's Chillun' is, of course, a more serious proposition. Miscegenation is a dramatic fact that should yield "good theatre," and Mr. O'Neill states well the impending disaster when black is to play and mate in two moves. Unhappily his end is loose, rhetorical and unreal, and the tragic values are swamped in improbable verbiage.

What is most interesting is that it should be thought worth while to revive this piece at a public theatre after its run at the Gate. The deed shows faith in the current cult of colour, a cult which is so strong among the intellectuals of New York that Mr. Wyndham Lewis has just written a book of lusty protest against the anti-white campaign carried on by Mr. Knopf's bright young people and boys of the Borzoi breed. In England we have not gone quite so far in self-conscious philosophizing at the expense of the paleface and in glory of the noble savage, but then it is not our national habit to philosophize. We drive at practice and, judged by the test of behaviour, we are rapidly turning negrolaters. In the arts the negro is certainly being fêted twice daily. There was a time when it was accurate to speak of the colour bar; there is no colour bar in London nowadays; there is, instead, a colour boom. Of course one need not look actually for the pigment; in certain media all that can emerge is the manner, as, for instance, in sculpture where it is hardly necessary for Mr. Epstein to paint his ladies black. His 'Night' is already Hottentot-dark. 'Back to Methuselah,' cried the man from Dublin. It is odd that, from an opposite quarter, a Jew should be calling us 'Back to Ham.'

There was bound in any case to be a sentimental reaction against the sentimental Imperialism of Mr. Kipling and the rhetoricians of White-manism. First the sahib-cult, then the coolie-cult. If the former patronized offensively the lesser breeds without the Law, the latter would naturally retort that the Law was an ass even though drawn up by the classically educated sons of gentlemen and members of the I.C.S. who had sucked up Cicero almost with their mothers' milk. The colour boom, whether directed towards east, west or south, was an inevitable result of the almost general European revolt against European traditions of manners, form, style and intelligence. The violin yielded to the ukulele, the sculptor preached Voodoo in stone, the dancer preferred Congo to Danube, and Mr. D. H. Lawrence went off to find his ideal among the Mexican Indians, returning in an ecstasy of satisfaction and armed with the important discovery that the seat of consciousness is in the belly and not in the brain. Small wonder accordingly that London playgoers found themselves joining the universal black-bottom and moving to their places as it were at a shuffle. Mr. Paul Robeson sang 'Show Boat' into a great popularity and 'Ole Man River' gramophonically flooded every home in the country. 'Porgy' suffered from the unintelligibility of its "Gullah" talk, but had an undoubted success of estimation. "Spirituals" became common music-hall

currency and, while Mr. O'Neill's more important plays about white men have never been publicly acted in this country, both his dramas of coloured folk have had that honour. Let there be Ham, cried the vogue. And there was Ham.

Some good may come of this. The cult does the negro the justice of taking him fairly and frankly as a man. Better the half-baked sentiment of a cultured drawing-room which is thrilled by Voodoo and thinks it "too wonderful" than the old patronizing sentiment which regards the nigger as a childish coon and expects him to be tuneful in the moonlight or comic over the bones. The nigger minstrel may linger on in the "talkies" which are just being born about fifty years behind their time in everything but the mechanism. But the serious cult of colour is going to make it increasingly difficult for the darkie comedian with the white waistcoat, scarlet mouth and flapping boots to maintain the old line of business. Nowadays we are supposed to accept every negro as a hero-martyr or even as one of our natural betters; the exultations and agonies and man's unconquerable mind which Wordsworth gave to Toussaint are to be widely attributed to Pullman porters, boot-leggers and shoe-shine men. If that is the case you cannot call the great man Snowball the next minute and expect him to deal out the usual volley of "wise-cracks." To be relieved of the coloured comic is something; let us count our little blessings.

But it is one thing to do justice to colour as a natural owner of rights and dignities and to liberate it from the humiliating necessities of clownship. It is quite another to proceed to some far-fetched philosophy of gastric wisdom, to cry up mindlessness and orgiastic rhythm, and generally to proclaim the Kingdom of the Congo as Mr. Lawrence and many others do in prose and Mr. Epstein does in stone and bronze. I know well that the negro has some just retorts. If I claim that the spectacle of orgiastic religion in 'Porgy' was revolting, he can reply that idolatrous Christianity is no better and is simply the Congo stuff over again. To that I would certainly agree. But if we are to judge the negro by his best, so must we judge the white man. And Europe, after all, has not been limited in its culture to such antics as the more degraded forms of religion encourage. It has accepted and used the reason. It has agreed to make the brain sovereign and to train the brain for that office of command. There is now, it is true, a reaction against intelligence hotly fomented by the psycho-analysts, and it is this reaction which cries up colour, because coloured humanity is more impulsive, more physically responsive and less mentally controlled. In an age which is sceptical of its own reasoning power and runs a creed of impulse, a colour boom comes natural. All God's chillun got bellies.

I have wandered rather far from Mr. O'Neill's black Jim, but it is noteworthy that this Jim is eager to pass the white man's exams. and cannot do so, although the tests are simple enough. In other words, he lacks reason to such an extent that he cannot even learn the tricks of the educational routine. The pro-negro party will immediately say that this is the final condemnation of the white man's learning. Jim is too tremendous for such trifles. But that argument will take in nobody. Mr. O'Neill is right in diagnosing the negro's weakness as lack of reason; he does not go on in this play to point out that the case for Europe is the case for intelligence, and that we may as well be proud of our legacy of rational achievement instead of prostrating ourselves whenever some niggers start to sway their shoulders or Mr. Epstein hews out another lumpish goddess from the heart of darkness, that we pass straight from the idea of the White Man as Overlord and Heaven-sent Sahib to a grovelling obeisance before Jazz and Voodoo?

ART

BOND STREET IN TRANSITION

BY WALTER BAYES

Paintings by William Roberts. *The Cooling Galleries.*
 Paintings by Fergus Graham. *The Redfern Gallery.*
 Sculpture by Maurice Lambert. *The Tooth Gallery.*

WHEN, in the old days of urbane warfare a fortress ultimately surrendered, the beleaguered garrison would march out with suitable honours before the besiegers came in and non-combatants were spared the embarrassing duty of saluting simultaneously two quite different types of defender. It has not been thus with Bond Street, that stronghold of artistic conservatism, perhaps because it has been not so much assaulted as undermined, so that the civil authorities find themselves obliged to do homage to the new army before they have had time to shuffle the old one out of sight. It is typical of the anomalous position in which the place finds itself that the same master of ceremonies may in a breath find himself extolling the works of Mr. William Roberts and the cattle pictures of the late H. W. B. Davis. To accomplish this without ruffling in the least the smooth amenity of the gallery-atmosphere demands long training and a suit of most perfect cut. You may see it done, but how does it come about that quite such steep demands come to be made on the Galleries of Cooling or Tooth, names which have become synonyms for undisturbed Victorian placidity?

Doubtless, Bond Street was *too* well-walled, *too* proof against assault by the new forces in painting. I can recall a period in my early life as an art critic when almost all the exhibitions of painting of any interest seemed to take place in inconvenient outlying galleries and an invitation to Bond Street usually provoked a groan—Bond Street was convinced there was "no money" in the new men and for a long time was almost completely successful in protecting the picture-buying public from contact with modern ideas in painting.

From direct contact, that is, for even while it was thus barred from access to the people who usually bought pictures, the newer painting was having an influence as it always has on other crafts, on the general conception of interior decoration as a thing of clearer colour and bolder design than the "period decoration" with which the old-fashioned picture could, after a fashion, be made to agree, though not to say the truth any too well. Painting was affecting commerce, though not the commerce in pictures, and with the success of Messrs. Heal and the inoculation by M. Chermayeff of Messrs. Waring and Gillow, the whole appearance of many houses became such that the old-fashioned picture became an impossibility. Bond Street was tunnelled and the dwellers therein were obliged to accept another garrison—obliged to admit, indeed, that these young men were more clever than they had fancied.

Thus we find that the three current Bond Street shows selected almost at random for consideration this week are all in the modern taste which circumstances have thus imposed. But by an irony of fate, Mr. Roberts finds himself housed in a setting of matured old panelling, admirably suited to displaying pictures of an older fashion and in which his work looks less well than it is entitled to, less well than it would look in a modern room of bolder colour intervals. Shown in a setting in which the contrast of different materials was the game, his insistence that his paint should be good and strong and pretend to be nothing but paint would have value. Although regarded as our typical cubist painter, his pleasure

is in maintaining an all-over pattern of harshly realized details (almost as much a cumulative façade in its way as an English pre-Raphaelite picture) rather than in the exploration of three-dimensional design which one would like to use as the proper meaning of the word cubism. In this, however, his work would agree quite well with modern French interior decoration wherein the aim is usually to dispense with the suggestion of outlet which painting may so admirably supply and to keep the interest within the real dimensions of the room—sometimes, perhaps, giving those dimensions slightly more openness by the device of shutting in a part of it by means of a pierced screen. The richness of Mr. Roberts's colour is well shown in No. 5, 'Anthony in Egypt' and No. 9, 'Surprise' (a well-ordered dramatic group more genuinely cubist than many of the others) and in the large 'Boat-pond' (2). It has considerable decorative possibilities.

Mr. Fergus Graham's pictures do not, of course, show him as an artist of the range of Mr. Roberts but more easily than those robust inventions they might be utilized as decorations for a modern interior. A certain tact in this direction and the occasional happy discovery of a colour scheme, as Nos. 3, 6, 7 and 14, are their principal merit. Mr. Graham realizes the decorative value of a firm coat of paint which continues the surface of the wall and, keeping the interest in the room, does not allow the picture itself to be too important. He has a few simple alternatives—paint in flat masses, paint in flat blobs, paint in slender streaks (too slender these and fretful) which but for this exception he manages not unadroitly. 'Foliage,' No. 3, is by far the best of his pictures.

More than either of the others Mr. Maurice Lambert fits and indeed demands as a setting for his pieces a room decorated in the modern French manner. The spatial interest in such an interior usually develops with at first studied deliberation from its simple perpendicular and horizontal containing surfaces: that interest quickens and at a prepared point in the composition flames into a sudden axial violence with some such striking device (often quite extraneous to the function of the room) as Mr. Lambert invents with so much variety. At least it cannot be said of him as might be said of many sculptors that he goes about with his eyes shut. He can discern the germ of a plastic idea in what hundreds have seen and made nothing of—witness the admirably 'Hooked Fish' (17). Again and again from such a visual impression he makes a definitely designed and plastic thing though sometimes, as in the 'Departure of Birds,' the plasticity is not quite independent of visual resemblance from a certain point of view and at close quarters from certain other views looks merely the adroit working out of a set theme. In 'Aphrodite' we have the slipperiness of that "*Art nouveau*" which is the weakness which modern School of Decoration (to which he is affiliated) seems to have cast off yet occasionally in disquieting fashion reverts to. It is all very well to be exciting, but the device of depriving the goddess of all the members which she shares (with little notable difference) with the other sex is a cheap kind of concentration. The adaptation of an oriental motive in his "nimbus" is a far more satisfactory example of modernity.

BROADCASTING

MONDAY evening seemed to promise well with the 'Discussion on Marriage' between Miss V. Sackville-West and Mr. Harold Nicolson. But what a disillusionment was there! The thing started at 9.30, rather stickily at first, and then

rather foolishly continued. This atmosphere was created by Mr. Nicolson "getting going." At 9.36 Miss Sackville-West rescued the matter and proposed something constructive. A minute and a half later her opponent obstructed with a "You can't say embittered and embittering things like that into a microphone," or something of the sort. At 9.38½ Miss Sackville-West again fished the subject up from the thick ooze of words into which Mr. Nicolson had dragged it. And so it went on. Luckily it was a long (three-quarters of an hour) talk, and later Mr. Nicolson did say something worth listening to. But it was the woman's evening. All along it was she who made the running, speaking seriously and earnestly. Finally, when Miss Sackville-West laughingly suggested that he was "just being silly," there was nothing left but to agree with her. All that she said was worth listening to, but as a broadcast discussion it was one of the weakest I have heard.

*

The talk of Mr. B. L. Q. Henriques on 'The Lost Years (14-16)' was a surprise. From the title I had imagined that I was going to hear reminiscences of the late war, and amusing and touching as those can be I did not foresee much more than a quarter of an hour of duty for this listener. But Mr. Henriques started at once on the subject of boys between 14 and 16 years of age, and the talk that followed was extraordinarily interesting. There was a pointed parallel drawn between the Public School boy of 14 who goes back to school and can spend the next two years sublimating his young ideals, and the poorer lad who at the age of 14 must shoulder responsibilities as a wage earner so heavy that one wonders they do not break his young spirit. Mr. Henriques put the case in a most persuasive and telling manner. He said he feared that some listeners would think the picture he drew too black a one. I can assure him that those who have had to do with youths of that type and age realize the simple truth of all he said. His stressing of the importance of the Boys' Clubs and the work those organizations are doing will, I sincerely hope, have impressed a wide public.

*

As was to be expected from an author of Mr. T. S. Eliot's distinction his series of talks entitled 'Six Types of Tudor Prose' has already proved, after only two of the set, unusually thought-provoking. Mr. Eliot has made a reputation for criticism that is directed from unexpected angles and expressed with pungent force. His broadcasting does not altogether uphold this reputation. It is ponderously delivered, lacking the light touch of his writings. But those who are willing to have patience with the apparent dullness of the opening sentences will be rewarded by a deal of curious learning and some sudden flashes of wit. The quotations from Nashe, on Tuesday, were delightful.

*

The coming week has these interesting items, among others. Sunday: Song recital by Mme. Ninon Vallin (2LO). Monday: Prof. Noel Baker on 'Athletics for Boys' (2LO), Mr. Isaac J. Williams on 'The Escorial' (Cardiff and Swansea). Tuesday: Mr. Ruddick Miller on 'Life in an Ulster Village' (Belfast), Miss E. C. Herdman on 'Fish Farming in the Irish Sea' (North of England). Wednesday: Prof. Arnold Toynbee on 'Language, Commerce and Culture' (2LO). Thursday: Opera ('Judith') from Covent Garden (5GB). Friday: Mr. C. M. Camp-

bell on 'Old Scottish Proverbs' (Scotland), Auction sale of pictures by Old Masters from Christie's (2LO). Saturday: Mr. Louis Golding on 'My Home in Morocco' (North of England).

CONDOR

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—173

SET BY GERALD BULLETT

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rendering in Tennysonian blank verse—not less than ten and not more than twenty lines—of the following narrative:*

When Good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night
The queen next morning fried.

B. *A very young apprentice to journalism, fresh from school, is for the first time allowed by the editor of a provincial daily to try his hand at book-reviewing. The book sent to him is a new edition of 'Pride and Prejudice.' The reviewer imagines that he is dealing with a new and unknown author, and he shares the widespread belief that vigorous fault-finding is an essential part of criticism. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best attempt at his review, which must not exceed four hundred words.*

RULES.

- i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 173A, or LITERARY 173B).
- ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.
- iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.
- iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, July 1. The results will be announced in the issue of July 6.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 171

SET BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

A. *The habit of claiming as a virtue the mere avoidance of vice is observable nowadays on the labels of pickle-bottles and tinned foods in such boastful declarations as "Warranted entirely free from Cyanide of Potassium." We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a laudatory epitaph on a country squire, not more than sixty words long, expressed in a similar spirit.*

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a rhymed lyric of not more than eighteen lines, celebrating the fact that foreign travel can be more conveniently enjoyed in the perusal of Baedeker than in bodily journeys to strange and often uncomfortable countries.*

REPORT FROM MR. MARTIN ARMSTRONG

171A. The entries for this competition have been easy to judge for the melancholy reason that the majority were without any noticeable merit. I had hoped for a good crop of ingenious and hyperbolic absurdity, but ingenuity, absurdity, and excess were, in most of them, conspicuously absent. Most were moderate, sensible, and flat, and several of the competitors did not even pause to consider what was asked of them, but composed plain, commonplace epitaphs which might have been adopted without alteration by any unambitious monumental mason with an imperfect sense of English prose. But Eheu, G. A. Newall, Lester Ralph, Jas. J. Nevin, and Doris Elles were all good and I recommend the first two for first and second prize. (Will Eheu please send correct name?)

FIRST PRIZE

In over fifty years, of Squire 'twas said,
He never shot a dog or beater—dead.
Even from the poor he won some slight regard
—He never ground their faces really hard.
Let nobody with sland'rous tongue besmirch
The fame of one so seldom drunk in Church.

EHEU

SECOND PRIZE

Here lies
JOHN BURDOCK
Squire of this Parish,
who,
Free from the Pedantry of Erudition,
Unaffected by the Pernicious Doctrines of his Age,
Impervious to Anarchy,
Innocent of Disloyalty and Inhumanity Alike,
Proved Himself
No Unworthy Member of that Society
In which he moved.

"Our tears are now prevailing orators."

G. A. NEWALL

171B. Baedeker has always been a rich source of poetic inspiration. On this occasion he has provoked a number of pleasant poems both serious and comic. The smart crackle of Seacape's verse and the pungency of his treble rhymes are not to be resisted, while of the serious poems those of Bekwai (name and address, please) and Valimus seem to me in their various ways equally good. I recommend that the prize money be divided equally among the three. The poem beginning "I travel with a care-less ease" and that of David Nomad were not far behind the winners.

THE WINNING ENTRIES

(1)

When from my home in Ambleside, intent on foreign rambles, I'd
Set forth to taste the pleasures of some Continental city,
I'd find that (the ozone apart) the vaunted shores of Buonaparte
Were never too salubrious—nor even very pretty.

The sceptical douaniers, impervious to blarney, a
Tobacco-smoking tourist finds particularly horrid;
And climbing with a bag only into the dismal wagon-lit,
He's pretty sure to get a nasty crack upon the forehead.

The Wetterhorn or Matterhorn (the better is the latter horn)

May justify the bodily discomforts of the journey;
And Paris, Ghent or Padua may make you feel how glad you are
You left behind your troubles in a power of attorney.

But no! Give me a Baedeker, a hammock in the shade, a cur-
Vilinear receptacle with something fluid in it,
And those who want to shall levant in person, while I gallivant
In fancy through the Continent and relish every minute.

SEACAPE

(2)

"Tell me the tale of the world," I said,
And Baedeker came—
A prophet called by an uncouth name—
And raised my soul from the dead.

He gave me dreams, hours strange and slow;
The flame of a town;
A phantom ship I had never known. . . .
Through my hair the long winds blow.

He wrote down names that are household words,
And I, I talked with those men
Again and again,
Travelling light as the swiftest birds.

I never thrust in the sweat of the crowd,
Although I am poor as a mouse
I sat in the calm of my house,
And found the world as I read aloud.

BEKWAI

(3)

("I forgot, thou comest from thy voyage—
Yes, the spray is on thy cloak and hair."
—Matthew Arnold

Well, once perhaps; but now all day
I rest beside familiar seas,
Nor catch the wind, nor feel the spray
Beneath the rainy Hyades.

Safe, by an unsail'd ocean's brink
I voyage, scarce a mile from home,
And watch in column-lines of ink
The columns of imperial Rome.

And here, beside a tiny pond,
Geneva sleeps, and gay Lucerne;
I glimpse fair Paris, and beyond
The sunlit tops of Venice burn.

Soft! close the book. Along the strand
The white and fretting Channel gleams:
My ship, from many a stranger's land
Turns home into her port of dreams.

VALIMUS

MADRIGAL

BY W. FORCE STEAD

YET do I love her still,
Do always love her dearly,
Though wintry winds blow chill,
Nipping severely.
Dark as a sunset hill,
Halt as a frozen rill,
My constant heart can still
Love her so dearly,
O still,
O still, so dearly.

Sure as the daffodil
Comes up all golden yearly,
Though cloud and hail-wind shrill
Are glooming drearily;
So Fate may bode but ill,
Yet do my heart and will
Lift up their flower—still
Loving her dearly,
O still,
O still, so dearly.

BACK NUMBERS—CXXX

WRITING here some weeks ago of W. J. Linton, I gave a half promise that one of these causeries would deal with another affectionately remembered writer: Thomas Ashe. Remembered, however, by few. Ashe's hold on the public was never firm, and it was relaxed well before his death about forty years ago. The contemporary of powerful and fascinating poets, he was always overshadowed, and as he neither went with nor against them he had no profit of their success or in the reaction against them. He was a shy creature, making a tentative gesture of appeal, in no way surprised by its failure, who retired with a wistful look into his solitude. The best of his poems were written to those who could not possibly understand his attitude towards them, very young girls, peasants chiefly; and a world just then being given superb poetry of sacred and profane love had no patience with a love-making that was not love-making in any usual sense. He will never be promoted to a higher place than he occupies, but there will always be a reader here and there who feels the charm of his gentle personality.

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* *

His life was as vague as much of his work. A year or two as a curate, ended by his resignation from the Church, some periods of schoolmastering, some periods of aimless wandering about the Continent, an eventless final period in London in a poverty not extreme enough to be more than numbing: that is all there is to record. He lived not in events and passions but in reverie. Early in his drift through life, for career it cannot be called, he had made for himself a peculiar ideal, which, I think, he must have communicated to Ernest Dowson and to Richard Middleton. The charm of girlhood that must vanish in the perfecting of it meant more to him probably than it has meant to any other poet. The seventeenth century was sensitive to that, Marvell having his lovely hymn to it, full of smiling and delicate extravagance, and Waller his fine courtier's complaint to "Young Lady Lucy Sidney." But there is a Latin sanity in both, as they turn all the weapons of gallantry to such innocent uses; Ashe has not their saving hardness, has no gallantry. He is quite seriously, in his diffident way, asking for the impossible, and he is not of those who are "content to ask unlikely gifts in vain."

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* *

The special charm of the very young girls to whom or about whom Ashe's best poems were written is in their unconsciousness of what he hopes from them: how, then, can they possibly satisfy his hope? He knows they cannot, knows himself defeated in advance, and yet is ever renewing his quest. Once, in one of the most attractive things he ever wrote, he seemed to find a philosophy. The piece is about a village girl, desired and undesiring; and in protest against masculine selfishness—

Now we cannot like a thing
But we long to make it ours—

Ashe comes to the thought that the simple grace of Avic Ethel was not made for any one possessor, but for the disinterested delight of all who could appreciate it. But philosophies are for those who can think without constant reference to their personal desires, and what might have been salvation for another man was a useless discovery in passing for Ashe.

The value to poets of a philosophy, strictly such, is always being exaggerated by serious persons; a mere convention will often suffice; and it was a very sound artistic instinct that sent Ernest Dowson to the Latin convention in those poems which might be compared with Ashe's. Any convention would have helped Ashe; lacking one, and not being a great master, he is always insecure. That poem about Avic Ethel remains in the memory as the expression of a human and poetical idea by a reverent and most amiable personality; but if, instead of relying on memory, one reads it again, one is upset by the lapses.

Bless God that He gave it you
Past the cottages to go

is simply bad writing.

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* *

But we come to a test, which puts Ashe among poets and not among those who have by some accident occasionally achieved poetry. Not long ago there was in London an exhibition of Valentines, and among them there was one, by 'Sandford and Merton' Day, of all men, with this miraculous opening:

If death would come then when delight
O'erwhelms the heart like wine!

It is a beginning comparable with Sedley's:

Love still has something of the sea
From which his mother rose.

But Sedley, for all that his poem then goes to pieces, is a poet, and Day, who should have been called Night to distinguish him from the delicious Elizabethan author of 'The Parliament of Bees,' was a bore allowed by relenting God to achieve just two lines of poetry. Now Ashe is a writer whose best things seem natural, the worst seeming deplorable accidents.

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* *

The two cycles, to Marit and to Pansie, give us nearly all the best of him. His retelling of the story of Psyche is worth reading, as are all not incompetent versions of that legend. 'The Sorrows of Hypsipyle' is readable; and it may be that 'Edith,' an experiment in something like English hexameters, can be read, though it did not occur to me to proceed with it when I met it some twenty years ago. But, on the most generous estimate, these long pieces are task work, done by a man with little power of organization. Ultimately, it is by a score of the short poems that Ashe matters. The least flawed, 'Meet We No Angels, Pansie?' is pretty well known through anthologies. There are finer things, with more flaws, in the pieces to Marit; and the titles, with their reminiscences of the early French poets, are part of the charm. Outside these cycles, there is the poem into which Ashe put the secret of his life, 'Lost Eros,' and there is the touching poem, 'To Two Bereaved,' and there is 'Apologia,' rather like a certain piece by Mr. Robert Bridges.

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* *

Late in life Ashe underwent a certain change. Nothing much came out of his new pity for the people of London slums, but he gave us evidence of that respect for suffering without which charity is an insult. And London inspired one small new thing in which he definitively achieved to the measure of his intention:

As I went roaming
By street and square . . .

It is the kind of piece which records little more than the discovery of a rhythm exactly matched to the mood. It can be dismissed as slight, but in its degree it is a complete success, by a poet whose complete successes were very few. STET.

REVIEWS

DAMPIER: PIRATE AND
HYDROGRAPHER

BY EDWARD SHANKS

William Dampier. By Clennell Wilkinson.
Golden Hind Series. The Bodley Head.
12s. 6d.

DAMPIER is chiefly remembered to-day, I think, as the writer of his voyages, rather than as the maker of them, and even here it is chiefly lip-service that we give him. Mr. Wilkinson mentions only one modern edition of any of his works, the magnificent 'New Voyage Round the World,' published a couple of years ago by the Argonaut Press, which was luxurious and expensive, and of which only 975 copies were printed. To most readers, even to those who take an interest in voyages, he is little more than a name. The average educated man has, I think, some general notion of the exploits of, say, Drake, Raleigh and Cook, but he would be hard put to it to tell exactly what it was that Dampier did.

Fate has thus been unkind to the explorer but very generous to his biographer, who has found a field as rich as it was virgin. The career of Dampier was extraordinary even in his own day, for he differed entirely in character from the others who engaged in the same pursuits. Mr. Wilkinson begins well by describing the portrait in the National Portrait Gallery:

If it is not one of the most important works of art there it is certainly one of the most interesting from the psychological point of view. It depicts a thin, slightly-built man in middle life, not so dark as the black and white prints would suggest—no swarthy gipsy—but a man of ruddy complexion with brown (not black) hair and strangely dark blue eyes. There is a beak of a nose, a firm, round chin, and a jutting underlip, from which his critics no doubt deduced obstinacy and his friends strength. But the chief impression that one carries away is of a rather pathetic, battered look in his large eyes, as of one who started out in life with high romantic ideals and got cruelly mauled by the world. It is a fascinating, appealing, baffling portrait. Plainly the artist, Murray, was keenly interested in his subject, for we do not find this quality in his other work. And underneath the portrait is the simple legend: *Captain William Dampier: Pirate and Hydrographer.* It is as though we were to describe a man as "John Smith, burglar and mathematician," or "Tom Jones, bushranger and astronomer."

The phrase is not, in truth, as grotesque as it seems. "Pirate" here means "buccaneer" and the buccaneers with whom Dampier consorted were not quite what we mean nowadays by pirates. But the incongruity of the words rightly pleases Mr. Wilkinson and does lead straight to the most remarkable element in Dampier's life. There is a defence to be made for the buccaneers but it cannot be doubted that they were a particularly choice collection of scoundrels, hardly to be paralleled in the modern world save by a bunch of Chicago hi-jackers—for whom also there is a feasible defence.

Now Dampier, whatever else may be said against him, was very far from being of the ruffianly sort. If he had had a little more of the ruffian in him, he might have been the real discoverer of Australia, though on the other hand he might not have wanted to discover anything except prizes. He was a quiet, sober man (literally—he "abhorred drunkenness") apparently of a disposition which was at once dreamy and observant. From the little that we know of his personality, it is clear enough that he had in a very high degree the scholar's temperament: he sought knowledge and wanted very little else. That was perhaps lucky, for he got knowledge and next to

nothing else, and there is no reason to believe that he would have fared any better in the worldly way even if he had been as worldly as all his companions put together.

What sort of a figure he made as a buccaneer must remain for us a matter of impressions rather than of definite information. He says little about himself, and those who tell us about him are not always to be trusted. On one occasion he remarks in passing that there was no one man whose judgment usually carried more weight. He was evidently a warrior of courage and ability. In the Spanish West Indies, Mr. Wilkinson tells us:

It was his reputation as a fighting man that had become formidable. He had spent so much time there that every local Spaniard was familiar with his name. Contemporary critics are agreed—whether they like Dampier or not—that his name had become a terror in those waters, unequalled since the days of Morgan and L'Olonnois.

It is certain that Woodes Rogers, under whose command he made his last voyage, thought it worth while exploiting this reputation of his. I am inclined to believe that part of it may be accounted for by the fact that he was regarded as a survivor of older days when the buccaneers were more formidable and more ferocious. But, whatever allowance one makes on this score, it is obvious that there must have been some foundation for the fear which his name inspired. He must, in addition, have been a man of great endurance and fortitude.

Nevertheless one's final impression of him is of a man withdrawn into scholarly meditations even in the forecastle. He takes part in the councils of his fellows and in their hardships but little in their pleasures and hardly at all in their ambitions. He wants to see places, things and people which he has not seen before and to make notes about them. He also wants to master the arts of navigation and in particular to understand the variations of the compass, which bothered him greatly. It was his tragedy that he came within measurable distance of the greatest single discovery since that of Columbus and sailed away from it without knowing how near he had been. He touched the north-western coast of Australia at its most barren and unpromising stretch:

Had he turned south at this point, two or three days' sail would have brought him to the site of the modern Port Gregory, and another two days to Perth and Fremantle. It is a tantalizing reflection; but we have to remember that his instructions were to go north. He doubted, too, whether his "heartless" men would have been able to stand the "winter weather" which they must have met with in the south; and he, for his own part, confesses that he "was not for spending my time more than was necessary in the higher latitudes, as knowing that the land there could not be so well worth discovering as the parts that lay nearer the Line and more directly under the Sun." Here is the "warm voyage" complex again. That early trip to Newfoundland had a lot to answer for.

Cold, in fact, was the one hardship that he was not prepared to endure in the pursuit of knowledge: he had suffered from it once and he was determined never to do so again if he could help it—a curious and vivid sidelight on his character. Once again he was on the verge of fortune, when, having reconnoitred New Guinea and New Britain, he would, if he had turned to the south-eastward, have reached those parts of Australia which are the most thickly populated to-day. But his ship, *Roebuck*, was in far too bad a shape for any such adventure to be possible: she sank, in fact, before he could get her home.

Out of all this, Dampier got little but court-martial and other forms of litigation. The last voyage, under Woodes Rogers, yielded a considerable sum of money and Mr. Wilkinson conjectures that "he must, at any rate, have lived like a gentleman during the remaining years of his life" but adds drily that "it is true, also, that like most gentle-

men of his period, he died in debt." But he was famous and respected, and, a consideration more important to him, he had seen more of the world than, probably, any other living man.

His career and character grow stranger and more fascinating the more one reflects upon them, and Mr. Wilkinson most admirably brings out both the strangeness and the fascination. He tells the story, so far as is possible, in the words of the original authorities—a method not to be attempted by an author without great constructive skill—and the result is a book which takes a very high place among narratives of sea-adventure. It will be of high interest to students of the subject as well as to students of the unexpected in character and it ought to be much relished by all boys with a taste for the sea. Mr. Wilkinson's own sparingly given comments are so good that at times one is inclined to wish that he had not been quite so self-effacing, but, as an artist in biography, he is justified by the result.

RALEIGH AT LAST

The Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh. Edited by A. M. C. Latham. Constable. 16s.

SEEING how greatly a complete and carefully edited collection of the extant poetry of Sir Walter Raleigh, as we shall spell his name, has been needed, and how painstakingly and as a rule intelligently Miss Latham has done her work, we are reluctant to make any complaint against this dignified edition. But it is impossible for anyone who truly cares for that nominally honoured and shamefully neglected poet not to protest against the atrocity which disfigures this otherwise piously executed task.

One of the greatest and least commonly noticed of Raleigh's few surviving poems is the piece usually cited, by such few as have cited it at all, as 'Sir Walter Raleigh to his Son,' but to our mind better entitled, 'The Wood, the Weed, the Wag.' As the twenty persons who concern themselves with Raleigh otherwise than in rhapsodies about Elizabethan adventurers are aware, it exists in two manuscripts: British Museum, Additional MSS., 23,229, and Malone MSS., 19. In the latter, this terrible little piece, a thing matchless till Mr. A. E. Housman wrote some of his grimmest poems, reads thus, with the spelling modernized and the punctuation supplied:

Three things there be that prosper all apace,
And flourish, whilst they are asunder far;
But, on a day, they meet all in one place;
And when they meet, they one another mar.

And they be these: The Wood, the Weed, the Wag.
The Wood is that which makes the gallows' tree:
The Weed is that which strings the hangman's bag:
The Wag, my pretty knave, betokens thee.

Now mark, dear boy, while these assemble not,
Green springs the tree, hemp grows, the wag is wild:
But when they meet, it makes the timber rot,
It frets the halter, and it chokes the child.—
God bless the child!

Of this poem, written by a man who had known peril of ignominious death till the executioner was a familiar of his thoughts, of this masterpiece of agonized fear taking refuge in the irony of understatement till passionate anxiety for his son is released in the incomparably natural and magnificently effective last line, most rightly outside the stanzaic scheme, Miss Latham chooses to print the version in the British Museum Additional MSS., with the miserably inadequate conclusion:

Then bless thee, and beware, and let us pray
We part not with thee at this meeting day.

Let us pray, indeed. For worse than this mothers' meeting sentiment remains to come. We recoil from recording it, but in her notes Miss Latham, whose Introduction has shown some insight into Raleigh's mind, actually tells us that it was "written in a light-hearted moment"; and in her note on the next piece, a trivial ingenuity about a game of cards, possibly written by Raleigh at some time when his right hand did not know what his left was doing, she declares that the triviality "resembles in spirit" the poem which is as a knife run into any fit reader of it.

We cannot express regret for our comment on this double outrage of textual reproduction and editorial appreciation; and, writing of outrages, we think that Miss Latham, before suggesting that Ben Jonson may have had something to do with the merit of Raleigh's translations in his 'History,' might have taken heed of Swinburne's remark that Ben Jonson, otherwise honoured by him, was the worst translator who ever committed simultaneous indecent assault on two languages.

These things said, Miss Latham is to be congratulated on her edition. It supplies what is grossly overdue, a text of Raleigh's poetry, with as many variants as can reasonably be recorded. Oldys, in the preface to the 1736 edition of Raleigh's 'History,' most creditably made a list of seventeen poems by or plausibly attributed to Raleigh; unhappily he was not followed. Warton's unlucky assumption that the "Ignoto" signature to one or two of Raleigh's authentic poems implied that "Ignoto" was his "constant signature" was acted upon only too thoroughly by Egerton Brydges, who absurdly adopted the theory that everything so signed, whether by author, transcriber or printer, in 'England's Helicon' and the 'Reliquiæ Wottonianæ' was by Raleigh. Archdeacon Hannah's is the one name which shines brightly in the wicked or foolish world of Raleigh's previous editors: it must, despite the horrible misapprehension already condemned, dim a little, after eighty years, in the light of Miss Latham's.

Of the very numerous problems presented by so small a body of verse we can here notice but one. The late A. H. Bullen discovered nearly thirty years ago, in the Harleian MSS., a poem attributed to Raleigh and beginning:

Nature that washed her hands in milk,

in which occur the lines:

O cruel Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have. . . .

The famous last lines, then, must be a reminiscence of this earlier piece. So Miss Latham thinks. But there is no satisfying evidence of the date, or even of the authorship, of "Nature that washed her hands"; and the great conclusion has, to our eyes, a look of having been patched on. Is it so nearly certain that the poem was not written later by another hand? That in that age men did write great poetry on the eve of execution is proved by the last lines of Chidiock Tichborne.

Qualis artifex was the motto of many in that period. Chastelard went to his death with a volume of Ronsard instead of a pious book; and Raleigh himself, pausing for a cup of sack on the way to execution, could find heart to say that it was a good drink if a man could stay by it. The great men of the epoch did not merely shuffle off this mortal coil; they did the last things with a gesture, went adorned to their violent ends. We venture to think it very probable that Raleigh did write "Even such is Time" on the eve of execution, and that the other piece in which these lines occur owes its present form to some compiler of a commonplace book.

MAN IN CHILD-BED

The Custom of Couvade. By Warren R. Dawson. Manchester University Press. 7s. 6d.

THE origins of many of the most widespread of man's seeming perversities, in spite of tireless researches and persistent speculation, remain obscure. Among the strange customs to which the attention of ethnologists has long been attracted few are more curious or more difficult to explain than that which forms the subject of this book. In England, even to-day, one often meets prospective fathers who, in all sobriety, attribute their toothache, sickness, or other symptom to the fact of their wife's pregnancy. It is possibly in some similar notion of embryology that the custom of couvade had its beginning. After all, the psycho-physical miracle implied in the fertilization of the ovum is sufficiently awe-inspiring to check any feeling of contempt for those primitive theorists who assumed the continued trinal unity of father, mother and child.

By couvade is signified the custom according to which the father of an infant, at or before its birth—or for the period immediately following its birth—simulates, with varying detail, the situation and behaviour of the mother. Simson, writing in 1880 on the Jivaro Indians of Ecuador, said that the couvade was general among them. "At the birth of a child, the mother has to undergo all her parturient troubles outside the house, exposed to the elements, whilst the husband quietly reclines in the house, coddling and dieting himself for some days until he has recovered from the shock produced on his system by the increased weight of his responsibilities as a father."

Though, in most countries, couvade is no longer a general practice, traces of it are discoverable over a very wide area, the significance of its geographical distribution being discussed in one chapter of this work. Mr. Dawson infers that couvade, ethnologically speaking, is but one unit of an extensive complex of customs and institutions collectively diffused, as Rivers put it, "from some centre in which local conditions specially favoured their development." The available evidence points to the old civilizations of the Eastern Mediterranean as the probable original focus. We are no more justified in ridiculing the basic supposition of this strange practice on the evidence of its many grotesque outgrowths, perpetuated by convention, than in condemning dress as irrational because of bustles and busbies.

In their transmission from place to place, few customs pass unchanged. Both in their expression and in their interpretation the originals may become so distorted as to be, for all practical purposes, obliterated. Religious sanctions are often imposed on ancient practices, whose primitive meaning thus becomes buried and lost. That couvade has a long history is certain. As Mr. Dawson reminds us, it is mentioned by many early writers, including Strabo, Diodorus, Apollonius and Plutarch—though the Cyprian practice to which Plutarch refers was evidently a religious graft on a much more ancient stock. He relates that after Ariadne had died on the island of Cyprus in giving birth to their child, Theseus left a sum of money in order that the inhabitants might make sacrifice to her. "On the second day of the month Gorpæus, which is sacred to Ariadne, they have this ceremony among their sacrifices: to have a youth lie down and by his voice and gesture simulate the pains of a woman in travail."

The chaos and muddle which still characterize

ethnological doctrines are well shown in those portions of Mr. Dawson's admirable book in which he summarizes the conflicting explanations put forward by specialists in this department of doubtful science. In this volume the author has brought together all the printed material available that bears on a curious and very ancient practice.

H. R.

WANDERINGS IN SOUTH AMERICA

A Traveller of the Sixties. Edited by Douglas Timins. Constable. 12s. 6d.

MR. TIMINS presents us with extracts from the voluminous diaries of the late Frederick James Stevenson, a successor in South American wanderings of Waterton and Bates. Brazil, Peru, Argentina, Patagonia, Chile, Bolivia—these rolling names stood largely for the unknown in the sixties of the last century when Stevenson traversed them. It does not appear that the explorer was moved by any other object than love of travel and danger. At an early age he had attempted to run away to sea and soon after leaving school he went out to Canada, where he had the distinction of being instrumental in giving Edison his first job—that of train newspaper-boy. When the American Civil War broke out, Stevenson contrived to obtain a pass to travel behind the lines and was present at several engagements. Mr. Timins quotes with effect the Chinese proverb which says, "He who rides a tiger can never dismount." After a first taste of adventure, Stevenson seems to have found ordinary life without attraction, and he embarked on a life of exploration beginning with the Mammoth Caves in Kentucky, trophies of which are now in the British Museum. Next he tried the Amazon, then Monte Video, Argentina and Chile. At Para he met the great explorer Burton, then acting as Vice-Consul there. In his diary he writes:

Burton is without doubt a very extraordinary character—a splendid traveller and intrepid explorer—a wonderful linguist and, I think, the most resolute and determined-looking man I have ever met. He is certainly apt to be a little reckless in his conversation, often very greatly overstepping the bounds of propriety, but is always an exceedingly interesting raconteur, especially when he can be persuaded to talk about his experiences as an explorer and traveller in Africa and the East.

He told me much about his celebrated pilgrimage to the shrine of the prophet at Mecca that could not be published.

He goes on to record how Burton told him about his nigger servant-boys and how good and honest they were till his wife converted them to Christianity.

Stevenson's temper is illustrated by a passage in his diaries where he laments the fact that he left Monte Video just before a second rebellion broke out, and he goes on to say that he is only restrained from immediate return by the enticing prospect of assisting at a still bigger revolution which has been arranged and will shortly take place in the Argentine capital. Exploration was resumed in a visit to some of the unknown fiords of the Patagonian coast and on several occasions he came near to losing his life. But his wanderlust apparently grew with what it fed on and after this expedition he set off to penetrate the inmost recesses of Peru and Bolivia. After nearly dying of fever and after a final tour of the West Indian Islands, Stevenson at the age of thirty-five returned to Europe to find the Franco-Prussian War in progress. He followed the German army and tried unsuccessfully to enter Paris before the siege. Later in life Stevenson settled in Holborn and devoted himself to entertaining schoolboys.

Stevenson had great courage and resourcefulness and a great gift of observation. His diaries are a mine of carefully recorded facts on the fauna and flora of

the regions he visited and a record of adventure and curious incident. Pink porpoises, monkey meat, religion in South America, meals of burnt bones, the character of the Indians, the fattening of Indian maidens before marriage are among his topics. Mr. Timins, who contributes an introductory memoir to this volume, assures us that the rich mine of these diaries still remains largely unworked.

A CHARMING RIVER

Rivers of England. Vol. II. The Salisbury Avon. By Ernest Walls. With Sketches by R. E. J. Bush. Arrowsmith. 10s. 6d.

MR. WALLS and his artist are evidently at home on the Avon which flows out at Christchurch. It gives us, indeed, no steep gorges or waterfalls of note, but an excellent survey of pastoral scenery, rich in flowers and birds, trees and comely cottages. Apart from Salisbury, it waters no big town, so that much of its course remains unspoilt by railway enterprise. The book recalls to the reviewer the charm of Breamore's broad green and Saxon church, Downton, on a sunny day when all the women wore blue pinafores, and a snug parlour in the Greyhound at Fordingbridge, cosier than anything of the sort at Ringwood. One village, lovely enough on the waterside, has, or had, a sad record of that widely fatal disease for which no remedy has been found, but this, apart from locked churches, is the only disturbing detail in haunts of Tennysonian peace punctuated by water-mills and bridges.

Mr. Walls has done well in pointing out the attractions of tributaries like the Wylde and the Nadder and never leans too heavily on the associations with quaint history and well-known men like George III and Lord George Sanger. At Broad Chalke lived John Aubrey and Maurice Hewlett, and learnt to value the English manhood which is content with the land and hard living. The river unfortunately is not open along its length to walkers. That is too much to expect in these days of expensive fishing rights, and water bailiffs may suspect a man who is a mere lover of Nature. The side of the New Forest which sends its streams to the Avon is fairly included, and there are few more exhilarating descents than that from Picket Post to Ringwood. But the Forest, glorious as it is, holds the gadfly and is apt to be stuffy in the summer. Ringwood is within a few miles of Fordingbridge by pleasant routes which Mr. Walls supplies, and on the same day we have heard the rival fishermen of both places telling of their unusual catches. The salmon, we believe, do not reach the town further from the sea, but smaller fish there beat all records!

In the stress of controversy regional insults were exchanged of "New Forest Gipsies" and "Moon-rakers." Such gossip might have added a touch or two to the book, which is otherwise equal to the occasion. Salisbury is unique as a medieval town planned on virgin soil, but the people of the city are hardly exemplars of ancient piety to-day. On a recent visit there was a shockingly sparse attendance in the cathedral, whose spire rising up over the Plain four miles away we take to be one of the authentic thrills of England. Further back, the stripling Avon flowing through Pewsey is a pleasant memory, and Mr. Walls has followed up to the watershed the brook which may claim to be the *fons et origo* of the river. He has a proper interest in bright streams and explains the habits of the "winterbourne." He meanders, like the Avon and the river of Phrygia, in the true spirit of romance.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

Hard Liberty. By Rosalind Murray. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Coucou. By Evelyn Pember. Constable. 6s. *The Torch and Other Tales.* By Eden Phillpotts. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

Cock's Feather. By Katharine Newlin Burt. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

SOME people regard monotony and depression as almost synonymous; and as presented in 'Hard Liberty' they undoubtedly are. The book would be less depressing if it were not so monotonous, and less monotonous if it were not so depressing. In part the monotony proceeds from Miss Murray's way of writing. In the hero's life there is plenty of incident and variety. The son of poor parents in the gloomy Lancashire town of Stockborough, he has a genius for physics and mathematics which enables him to win a scholarship to Oxford and (more indirectly) the hand of Anne Grahame, daughter of an impoverished Westmorland landowner. In the war this same talent gives him a moment of material prosperity; he entered a munitions-factory and was invaluable. At the bidding of a scruple he abandoned his job, became a Conscientious Objector and sorted clothes—at a salary that hardly gave him and his family enough to eat. So that he was acquainted with the three of the deepest experiences life can show—poverty, love, and war. Yet none of these served to break the flawless chain of his egoism; he was too self-centred to react to outside influences.

'Hard Liberty' is rather like the Book of Ecclesiastes writ long, but wanting the concluding chapter:

She thought:

"When the first frost comes they will all die. . . . one night of frost, and the dahlias are all dead. . . ."

And she thought:

"Next year's dahlias will be the same as these. . . . it will make no difference to them that these have died. . . . even the Michaelmas daisies that are strong and hardy, die when it is winter. . . . and the chrysanthemums. . . ."

She thought:

"People are like flowers. . . . it is all the same. . . . other people come when we are dead. . . . it does not matter, really, if it is them or us. . . ."

She thought:

"What difference is there between this dahlia and that? One is a little bigger, perhaps a little redder. . . . people are like that. . . ."

These, be it noted, are the reflections of the sanguine Anne, whose placid confidence in life is throughout the book contrasted with Jim's mistrust—his mistrust of himself, of other people, and of his future.

"My life is intolerable to me," he wrote in his youthful diary. "I wonder why I was born? Everything is ugly, everything is dull; there seems no reason in my life at all. No object. Nothing to live for."

And on another he wrote:

"Nobody likes me. Nobody ever has. I suppose I am rather nasty. I am always hating people. I think it makes one hate people if one is unhappy."

But he wrote to Mr. Valentine that he was quite all right. . . .

These entries in Jim's diary occur on page 21. It was a feat to write three hundred pages more with despair deepening on every page; but Miss Murray has achieved it. There are absurdities in the process; indeed, if one approaches the book in a resolutely cheerful frame of mind a great part of it

appears absurd, especially the rhetorical questions put to no one in particular:

"How beastly it is all getting!" Jim thought. "Does everything get beastly?"
 "... Wild cherry leaves are always so much redder than other leaves; why, I wonder, are they?"
 "... It was always windy in Cary Street. Why was it always windy?"

But if one abandons one's mind to Miss Murray's despondent mood her book takes a great hold, and the culminating tragedy, the failure of Jim's thesis, is almost unbearable. It is extraordinary that a book in which there was never any hope or any promise should be able to give such a terrible impression of defeat. Liberty is hard indeed if bought at such a price. The most joyless novel of the year, 'Hard Liberty,' is also one of the most distinguished; it shows quick perception of character, its taste is so faultless as to be a positive merit, it has a unity of mood characteristic of a poem rather than of a novel. But Miss Murray's arraignment of life is enfeebled by its partiality: she can always portray characters in depression and sometimes in resignation: but happy, never.

'Coucous' is a brief, rather feverish account of the life of a group of people, mostly English, in a Provençal hotel. The acute though transitory proximity of hotel life makes them very observant of and sensitive towards each other. They are the sport of vague but powerful emotions, or, more accurately, emotional states of mind; for their desires in most cases take no definite shape, nor does the author's darting fragmentary manner of indicating them let us realize what they are. Mademoiselle Coucou, with her train of admirers, is the most vivid figure in the book, and the most colourful; the pair of middle-aged friends, Miss Forster and Miss Ffrench, are the most carefully-drawn. They have their prototypes in Miss

Elizabeth Bowen's profound and brilliant novel, 'The Hotel'; in fact the whole of Mrs. Pember's book is reminiscent of it, and suffers by the comparison. But all the same it has an individual quality—a note of desperation persisting through frivolity—that needed a delicate touch to bring out. That touch Mrs. Pember has. I do not think she succeeds in making us feel as sorry for Mademoiselle Coucou as she meant to; her method is too inconsecutive to lend itself to tragedy and the emotions portrayed are too slight. It is only a butterfly that is broken on the wheel. 'Coucous' shows a charming lightness of touch and great dexterity in hitting off, with the least possible expenditure of words and direct descriptions, a large number of types, some interesting, some poignant, some colourless. It has the defect of what might be called an exaggerated femininity of technique—it flirts with the severity of art, taking short cuts and adopting poses, trading upon its charm.

This Mr. Eden Phillpotts never does. Of all modern novelists he is the last to seek meretricious effects. True, he has varying degrees of seriousness in his attitude towards art as in his attitude towards life; but whether writing a detective story or a Dartmoor tragedy he is always a conscientious and careful craftsman, leaving nothing to chance or the good-will of the reader. The short stories in 'The Torch' represent his middle register. They are written as by an educated but observant rustic—with flashes of sophistication and perception no rustic would be likely to possess: they have plots, they deal with crimes and with eccentric behaviour; they are the kind of stories in which one wants to know what happens. They show most of Mr. Phillpotts's qualities in combination: his narrative gift, his fair-mindedness; his power of subduing his characters to their environment and yet letting them

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THE TRIUMPH OF YOUTH. 7s. 6d.

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WORLDS' ENDS. 7s. 6d.

work out their own destiny in accordance with their individualities. They are sober and balanced; they are ingenious and exciting. A compromise; and with the merits and defects of a compromise.

'Cock's Feather' also ends in compromise—in a compromise with the reader's natural desire for a happy ending. David Cray had a romantic nature, but was obliged by circumstances to be domesticated and the support of large numbers of relations. His wife tired of her husband's apparent tameness, and left him for a man who thus addressed her:

I don't need alcohol to frenzy me, as George Cray does, when I have you—to drink, Sophie. Well, how about it? You hate me, don't you? You'd like to strike me? Very well, strike me in the face, strike me hard. Then let me kiss your lips. . . . That's how it ought to be when strong people love each other.

Eventually Sophie tires of her cave-man too. The end is machine-made, "uplifting," and American in a bad sense; the rest of the book, though pretentious and over-elaborate, is interesting.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Ponsonby Family. By Sir John Ponsonby. The Medical Society. 30s.

THIS family history is a model of wit and brevity. Sir John Ponsonby has a keen sense of humour, and has adorned his chronicle with many anecdotes which will appeal to a wider audience than that large circle of relatives and connexions for whom he writes in the first instance. Thus he reminds us of the Cromwellian Ponsonby who anticipated a much later jester in translating the family motto—"Pro rege, lege, grege"—by "For the King read People." He recalls with gusto the Galway M.P. who declared, "These Ponsonbys are the curse of my country, from the toothless old hag who is now grinning in the gallery to the white-livered scoundrel who is now shivering on the floor." He quotes a characteristic communication from General Ponsonby, Queen Victoria's private secretary, which Lord Derby could not show to his Cabinet, as it read: "The Queen says D—mn, but gives in." The publishers' customary taste and skill are displayed in the reproduction of numerous pictures of persons and places belonging to the Ponsonbys.

Progress and Religion. By Christopher Dawson. Sheed and Ward. 10s. 6d.

THE book is not very happily named, as the relations between progress and religion are still left obscure at the end. It is not clear if progress and religion are compatible; all depends on the definitions. "The doctrine of progress in the full sense must involve the belief that every day we are getting better and better," says Mr. Dawson in the first chapter. Traditional Christianity does not ask us to believe anything of the kind. Yet it is Mr. Dawson's object in his wide survey of human thought from its dim beginnings to Mr. Julian Huxley that in logic, Christianity, if not the only possible religion, is the only possible religion of progress, since only in it do "spiritual values emerge in a concrete historical sense." The religions of the East were frankly anti-historical and unprogressive, a western rationalism which started in the eighteenth century as the progressivist philosophy *par excellence* has ended in a like metaphysical pessimism with Schopenhauer and Spengler. If the average man still holds that the local civilization of Western Europe is absolute civilization, this is simply due to a crude association of progress with the scientific culture out of which have come motor-cars, wireless and such mechanical wonders and comforts—an association which enables scientific Utopians to masquerade successfully as the successors of "past" philosophers and "past" religious teachers. Our artless faith in science is, however, not wholly to be deplored since it shows that Western man has retained that concrete sense in which Christianity, unlike other metaphysical systems, has found virtue. It is artless, however; as Mr. Dawson observes in an interesting passage of his book, the real issue that has been gathering in the past three centuries is not so much the conflict of science and religion as the conflict of science and philosophy.

Vidocq. By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. Selwyn and Blount. 15s.

FRANÇOIS EUGENE VIDOCQ furnishes probably the best known illustration of the adage, "Set a thief to catch a thief." Like the immortal and far greater Vautrin, he found a career of crime too thrilling and aleatory for an ageing gentleman, and passed over to the side of the law with disastrous results for his former colleagues. As the Edinburgh city-clerk said of Jim the Rat, the Paris police evidently felt that "there was not a man e'er came within the ports of the burgh could be of sae muckle use to the Good Town in the thief and lock-up line of business." Mr. Brayley Hodgetts has

given the English reader an entertaining account of Vidocq's career as depicted in the 'Memoirs,' published under his name in 1829. It is almost certain that they were not written by Vidocq himself, but no doubt they embody many anecdotes derived from his talk, and they paint a curious picture of the underworld of revolutionary France. Mr. Hodgetts errs in stating that the 'Biographie Universelle' describes Vidocq as "organically honest." The words are "originairement honnête," and convey a very different meaning.

On the High Seas. By E. Keble Chatterton. Allan. 10s. 6d.

COMMANDER KEBLE CHATTERTON does for the present generation what Clark Russell did for the later Victorians. Indeed he does more, for he wastes no energy on fiction, and he has over a score of volumes to his credit in which the salt breath of the sea comes to refresh the jaded townsman. His latest collection of papers shows no falling off. The chapters in which he gravely discusses the advantages and disadvantages of piracy as a business proposition in the seventeenth century are as entertaining as anything that he has ever written. He has also discovered an interesting precedent for the Q ships which played so romantic a part in the war against the submarine. As long ago as 1673, a warship was constructed to resemble a typical merchant vessel, with collapsible bulwarks and a detachable head, in order "to cheat the Turks," by whom were meant the Barbary pirates. She looked like a harmless flyboat of 150 tons, but was in reality a 600-tonner, carrying forty guns and 200 men: and even Charles II inspected her with interest.

Child of the Deep. By Joan Lowell. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

THERE has been a good deal of discussion in the United States as to the veracity of this autobiography. It professes to be the truthful record of the first seventeen years of the author's life. Her father was an American sea-captain who took her on board his schooner when she was less than a year old and kept her there till she was seventeen. There was no other woman on board, and it is hardly surprising that the candid details of her childhood which the author seems to delight in giving are often far from pleasant. In a preface specially written for this English edition, Miss Lowell assures us that she "did write the truth about what happened. . . . with one or two imaginings." The matter is not of much importance, but the narrative does not strike us as either convincing or particularly interesting.

JOHN KNOX

by

EDWIN MUIR

*

THIS biography is a study of a religious type rather than a contribution to history. It builds up a portrait of Knox the Calvinist, the Scotsman and the Puritan, and tries to describe the system of ideas within which he lived, and the ways in which those ideas modified his passions, and his relations to authority and to women. It is not concerned with the truth or the falsehood of Calvinism, but rather presents the Calvinist in all his multifarious activities from the greatest to the most trifling, and shows his creed working out, here in heroic and there in ridiculous forms. The influence on Knox's opinions of three queens, Mary of England, Mary of Guise, and Mary of Scotland, from whom in succession he had to take refuge in flight, is studied in some detail.

Mr. Edwin Muir, himself a Scotsman, was the translator of
Jew Süss.

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JONATHAN CAPE, LONDON



Julius Cæsar and Cicero at Newmarket

CICERO—Really, Cæsar, I protest. You persuade me to "let bygones be bygones" and accompany you on a visit to this barbarously remote and rheumatic island wherein you must needs go campaigning twenty centuries ago—and what happens?

CÆSAR—Well, my dear Marcus Tullius, what does happen? I never could answer your rhetorical questions.

CICERO—Why, when we might have enjoyed an instructive day studying the civilisation of this strange people—their Parliament, Courts of Justice, their Libraries and Schools of Learning—we spend the whole morning in the streets of London, careering about on the top of a 'bus. Worse—this afternoon, having whirled me over endless leagues of road, where, I ask you, do you bring me? To the ancient University of East Anglia? No—to a vulgarly thronged hippic contest.

CÆSAR—Poor old Mark, I know you dearly wanted to find out how many students still pore over your orations, and you'd have loved to be able to say that there isn't a Silk or a Front Bench man alive could equal your form against Catiline. But there, there, our tastes never were similar. I've had an illuminating day, thank you, capturing the spirit of the age.

CICERO—Which is, forsooth—?

CÆSAR—Movement, Cicero, movement. Think of the ceaseless traffic we watched in London, the thousand cars we passed and overtook speeding along the roads here—

CICERO—Speeding! Ye gods, how you took those corners.

CÆSAR—Um, yes. These English have been slow to copy my admirable road plans. Still, they have learnt my secret, that movement is life and rapid transport the key to mastery over circumstances. Look at the car-parks and the crowd here.

CICERO—*Odi profanum vulgus*—not one is carrying a copy of my orations.

CÆSAR—Perhaps not. But most of 'em were at work this morning and will dine at home to-night—fifty miles away. There's action for you. There's the spirit that made me master of the world while you and your tedious senators sat and sat in Rome.

CICERO (*proudly*)—We were defending the Constitution of the City—

CÆSAR—And turning up your noses at ninety-nine per cent. of the citizens. I liked my fellow-countrymen and gave them a conquered Europe. That was the difference between us. And if you had kept your eyes open to-day you would have seen that it is still the little difference that makes the Cæsar.

CICERO—Seen? Where?

CÆSAR—Why, man, in every street and road. Have you not marked that in this movement there is another motive spirit than that of man? That the master-key to this modern miracle of motor transport is the essence which runs the machine? And let me tell you, just as I flung my legions across the Rubicon because I was different from the rest of you, so to-day a million motorists acclaim as Cæsar among brands of petrol, the all-compelling, one and only SHELL.



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NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

ESSAYS

- GREAT ESSAYS OF ALL NATIONS. Edited by F. H. Pritchard. Harrap. 8s. 6d.
THE MODERN DANCE OF DEATH. By Peyton Rous. Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d.
THE FUTURE OF GREEK STUDIES. By D. S. Robertson. Cambridge University Press. 2s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- THE EMPEROR ROMANUS LECAPENUS AND HIS REIGN. By Steven Runciman. Cambridge University Press. 16s.
LOUIS XIV IN LOVE AND WAR. By Sisley Huddleston. Cape. 18s.
MEDIEVAL CHESHIRE. By H. J. Hewitt. Manchester University Press. 21s.
THE UNEQUAL TREATIES. By Rodney Gilbert. Murray. 9s.
THE GUILDS OF DUBLIN. By John J. Webb. 12s. 6d.
ITALY. By Luigi Villari. Benn. 18s.
A SHORT HISTORY OF REPTON. By Alec Macdonald. Benn. 12s. 6d.
THE POPE IS KING. By "Civis Romanus." Benn. 10s. 6d.
GERMAN LITERATURE AS KNOWN IN ENGLAND. 1750-1830. By V. Stockley. Routledge. 10s. 6d.
A HISTORY OF GREECE. By Cyril E. Robinson. Methuen. 7s. 6d.
SEA LORE. By Stanley Rogers. Harrap. 7s. 6d.
SPY AND COUNTER-SPY. By Richard W. Rowan. Hamilton. 15s.

PSYCHOLOGY AND SCIENCE

- ANTHROPOLOGY AND MODERN LIFE. By Franz Boas. Allen and Unwin. 10s.
THE RHYTHMS OF LIFE. By F. Fraser-Harris. Routledge. 5s.
LA PENSÉE INTUITIVE. By Edouard Le Roy. Paris: Boivin. 15 fr.
RELIGION AND THE RISE OF CAPITALISM. By R. H. Tawney. Murray. 6s.
THIS BONDAGE. By Commander Bernard Acworth. Murray. 7s. 6d.

VERSE AND DRAMA

- LA VIE PARISIENNE. By A. P. Herbert and A. Davies-Adams. Benn. 2s. 6d.
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IN ABRAHAM'S BOSOM. By Paul Green. Allen and Unwin. 5s. and 3s. 6d.
MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE. By C. L. Paton. Moring. 2s. 6d.
MOTHS IN THE CANDLELIGHT. By Beatrice Eve. 3s. 6d. (June 27.)
WILD GARDEN. By Bliss Carman. The Bodley Head. 6s.
THE TALE OF BEATRICE. Translated from the Middle Dutch by Dr. P. Geyl. The Hague: Nijhoff. 8s. 6d.

SPORT

- ATHLETICS OF TO-DAY. By F. A. M. Webster. Warne. 12s. 6d.
PRACTICAL HORSEMANSHIP. By Captain J. L. M. Barrett. Witherby. 12s. 6d.

FICTION

- A CHARMED CIRCLE. By Helen Ferguson. Cape. 7s. 6d.
BANJO. By Claude Mackay. Harper. 7s. 6d.
THE MYSTERY MAN. By J. M. Walsh. Hamilton. 7s. 6d.
TAKING CHANCES. By M. J. Farrell. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d. (June 27.)
BRITTLE GLORY. By Wallace B. Nichols. Ward Lock and Co. 7s. 6d.
SWEET CHARLATAN. By Inez Holden. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.
THE PATCHWORK MADONNA. By Harold Weston. Duckworth. 6s.
DEAR YESTERDAY. By Ada Pitfield. Alston Rivers. 7s. 6d.
THE BOLT. By P. R. Shore. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
A HOUSE IS BUILT. By M. Barnard Eldershaw. Harrap. 7s. 6d.
THE DANCING GIRL OF GILEAD. By Annette Joelson. Heinemann. 6s.
CORPSE GUARDS PARADE. By Milward Kennedy. Gollancz. 7s. 6d. (July 1.)
PATER-FAMILIAS. By W. B. Trites. Gollancz. 7s. 6d. (July 1.)
TO-MORROW FOR APRICOTS. By Ursula Bloom. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
JEAN AND JEANETTE. By "Rita." Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
ALL KNEELING. By Anne Parish. Benn. 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

- GREAT BRITAIN: A STUDY OF CIVIC LOYALTY. By John M. Gaus. Cambridge University Press. 13s. 6d.
A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE. By Harold Dearden. Heinemann. 5s.
EVASION IN TAXATION. By A. Victory Tranter. Routledge. 6s.
THE PHYSIOLOGICAL MECHANICS OF PIANO TECHNIQUE. By Otto Ortmann. Kegan Paul. 21s.
MEDICO-LEGAL PROBLEMS. By Lord Riddell. Lewis. 5s.

ACROSTICS

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The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears. (Books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' are excluded: they may be reviewed later.)

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 379

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, June 27)

'MONGST THINGS OF BEAUTY THIS MAY WELL BE RECKONED,—
MY FIRST, I MEAN: JUST WATCH IT DO MY SECOND!

1. Flavour imparts to various dainty dishes.
2. Quite disregarding of his parent's wishes.
3. From twice ten fifties sea-shore dust detach.
4. Takes place when lovers have struck up a match.
5. Eager to learn, he tries this, that, and t'other.
6. One such it was perverted our first mother.
7. With crafty wiles the finny tribe deceives.
8. The loss of one your crab not greatly grieves.
9. Edible fruit of tree with poisonous leaves.

Solution of Acrostic No. 377

P	ropheti	C ¹	1 Hamlet, i. 5.
U	nderneat	H ²	2 Ibid.
N	ostr	II	
C	lossa	L	
H	arpsichor	D	
A	utho	R	
N	iob	E ³	3 Ovid, <i>Metamorphoses</i> , Bk. vi.
D	evotio	N ⁴	4 Grateful to acknowledge whence his good
J	ackas	S	Descends, thither with heart, and voice,
U	n	Just	and eyes
D	uodecim	O	Directed in devotion.
Y	east	Y	—MILTON

ACROSTIC No. 377.—The winner is Mrs. Maud Crowther, 22 Cunliffe Villas, Bradford, Yorks, who has selected as her prize 'Wolsey,' by A. F. Pollard, published by Longmans and reviewed by us on June 8. Thirty-seven other competitors named this book, 25 chose 'Lord Chief Baron Pollock,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Bolo, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Carlton, Miss Carter, Ceyx, Chailey, Chip, Clam, Miss B. Davison, Fossil, E. W. Fox, Hanworth, Iago, W. P. James, Jeff, Jop, Miss Kelly, John Lennie, Daisy W. Lowe, A. M. W. Maxwell, J. F. Maxwell, Met, George W. Miller, G. A. Newall, N. O. Sellam, Pussy, Quis, Rabbits, Rhé Kappa, St. Ives, Sisyphus, Stucco, Hon. R. G. Talbot, H. W. Thompson, C. J. Warden, Yendu, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Armada, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, Bertram R. Carter, J. Chambers, J. R. Cripps, H. L. V. Day, Dhualt, Sir Reginald Egerton, Elizabeth, Farsdon, G. M. Fowler, Gay, Mrs. Greene, H. C. M., Lillian, Madge, Mrs. Euan Miller, H. de R. Morgan, Lady Mottram, Ursula D'Ot, Peter, George Randolph, Shorwell, Thora, Twyford, Tyro, 3 V., H. M. Vaughan.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Barberry, E. Barrett, Glamis, Martha, M. C. S. S., Mrs. Milne, Miss Moore.

ACROSTIC No. 376.—ONE LIGHT WRONG: Armada.

CHAILEY.—Correction accepted.

A. E.—I admit that Ghosts, like Owls and Bats, may occasionally have been seen in the daytime; but have not most of the recorded appearances taken place in "the very witching time of night"?



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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

ALTHOUGH the volume of business on the Stock Exchange must still be described as of modest dimensions, it is erroneous to imagine that there is nothing of interest going on in Throgmorton Street. Almost every day produces a fresh minor feature of interest. A phase of recent business, which is worthy of notice, is the indication that more interest is now being taken in the mining markets than was the case last year. Although when a member of the public gives his stockbroker an order to purchase industrial shares he may pretend he is investing, there is little doubt that during last year's activity the great bulk of the business transacted in the industrial market was on behalf of speculators. In the past one associated speculation with the mining markets, but last year the pendulum swung away from this section and they presented a very neglected appearance. Recently, the Stock Exchange speculators' pendulum has given indications of swinging back to its old favourites, and it will not be surprising if during the next few months mining markets regain some of their lost popularity.

I referred last week to the Rhodesian market. Share values in this section are fluctuating fairly widely and the cautious investor desirous of acquiring an interest in this field is wisely limiting his activities to the shares of those holding companies which have a fair portion of Rhodesian interests with other assets. In this connexion attention is drawn to the shares of the Anglo-American Corporation. This company, in addition to considerable interests in South African Mining companies, was instrumental in the formation of the Rhodesian Anglo-American Company, Limited, which it formed to take over its very considerable holdings in Bwana M'Kubwa, Loangwa, Congo Border, N'Changa and other Rhodesian Copper Mining enterprises. The company is in a strong financial position, and its profits and dividends have shown gradual expansion since 1921. For 1922 shareholders received $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; from 1923-1925 10 per cent., since which $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. has been paid. In the matter of dividend disbursements, a conservative policy is adopted by the directors which will be appreciated when it is stated that last year's profits amounting to £771,344 represented earnings of over 20 per cent. on the issued capital. An additional attraction as far as these Anglo-American Corporation shares is concerned lies in the fact that it appears probable that this year the company will see fit to increase their capital and issue shares to existing shareholders on bonus terms.

TIN CO-OPERATION

Another step has been registered in the campaign for a scheme of co-operation of the tin industry by the registration last week-end of the British American Tin Corporation. This Corporation, which has an issued capital of £1,000,000, does not propose to make a public issue of shares, neither are its shares to be dealt in on the Stock Exchange. It has been formed to deal in tin, to finance tin-mining companies, and, it is presumed, will be the basis for financing the requirements of the tin co-operation scheme when it is in operation in its entirety. Obviously, an ambitious programme of this nature needs a strong

backing, and perusal of the influential lists of subscribers of the new Corporation indicates that this most certainly will not be lacking.

The Corporation's Memorandum of Association has as its signatories Sir Hugo Cuncliffe Owen, chairman of the British American Tobacco Company, and a director of the Midland Bank; Sir John Mullens, the recently retired Government broker; Mr. H. Micklem, of Cull and Co., Anglo-American bankers; Lord Brabourne, a director of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa; Mr. John Howeson, of the Anglo-Oriental Mining Corporation; Mr. Oliver Hoare, director of the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa; Mr. Carlos Aramayo, president of the Aramayo mines of Bolivia; and last and by no means least, the Caracolis Tin Company of Bolivia, which is identified with Messrs. Guggenheim, of New York.

The publication of the fact that the large interests indicated by these names are prepared to stand behind the tin industry in its efforts to establish itself on an economically sound basis is conducive to confidence that the scheme will receive a considerable amount of support from tin producers and will prove successful in the stabilization of the price of the metal. There is undoubtedly a certain number of critics. Some are actuated by a dislike for interfering with the normal laws of supply and demand, while possibly others see in the scheme a curtailment of possibilities of successfully operating as speculators in the price of the metal. It is to be hoped that an important industry, such as the tin industry undoubtedly is, will not be prevented from taking the necessary steps to stabilize the metal by those who are merely speculators and who have no real stake in the tin industry of the Empire.

WHITWORTH AND MITCHELL

Those on the look out for an industrial share standing at an attractive level by virtue of its past earnings should not overlook the £1 ordinary shares of Whitworth and Mitchell Limited. The business was originally formed in 1901 and to-day occupies the leading position as producers of dress fabrics and shirtings which are widely known under the general name of "Wemco" fabrics. The company's productions include "Tricolene" and "Tremola"; it is represented in Australia, Canada, South Africa, India, etc., and is doing a progressively increasing export trade. The company's financial year ends on June 30, and the net profits after charging directors' remuneration and all expenses, but not allowing for income tax, amounted to £162,599, £168,381, and £190,579 for its past three financial years. For the year to end on the 30th of the present month, profits are estimated to exceed £200,000. Shareholders have received an interim dividend of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. A final dividend of 15 per cent. can be assumed, making $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the year. It is suggested that at anything under 60s. these shares appear attractive.

LAUTARO

Holders of ordinary shares in the Lautaro Nitrate Company have received details of the proposed reorganization scheme which has been so much written about and so delayed in making its appearance. As anticipated, it is proposed to convert the ordinary shares into 7 per cent. cumulative preferred sterling shares of the nominal amount of £5 each and, in addition, to allot to ordinary shareholders one

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Company Meetings

CARMELITE TRUST

CONSIDERABLE PROGRESS ACHIEVED
IMPORTANT NEWSPAPER INTERESTS

The First Annual General Meeting of the Carmelite Trust Limited was held on June 17 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

Mr. Henry Spence Horne (the Chairman of the Company) presided and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that in the statement issued to comply with the requirements of the Stock Exchange, it was indicated that the company's policy was to confine the investments and operations of the company mainly to undertakings coming under the category of important newspaper producing and circulating organizations and concerns engaged in the production of pulp. This policy had been strictly adhered to with the exception of pulp. In that document it was stated that these particular industries had shown big expansion in their earning capacity, and the directors were satisfied that capital employed in certain of them would give profitable results. In his opinion, despite an exceptional depreciation in newspaper securities generally, over which the Board and Management had no control, he thought the shareholders would agree that in a most difficult period of creating and building up their organization, to have made a net profit of £216,168 was no small achievement, but even more important was the fact that they had sown the seed for carrying on an undertaking that already occupied a unique position in the general newspaper situation, and the management believed that the company would reap, in due course, the fullest advantage from the great expansion which they were convinced must take place in newspaper enterprises and participate with profit in many of the developments likely to arise therefrom. The directors also intimated that they had satisfied themselves, as a result of the special knowledge at their disposal, that advertising in this country would record noteworthy development in all its phases in the future.

INCREASED ADVERTISING REVENUE

That was no empty statement. The shareholders had only to study the recent profit figures earned by important newspaper companies and the speeches made by chairmen at meetings of undertakings interested in various newspaper publications, to recognize that the industry, during the year under review, with hardly an exception, had enjoyed a most profitable period. At the statutory meeting he stated his belief that newspaper advertising would grow and grow fast. It was interesting to note, therefore, that advertising figures showed that the expenditure this year had exceeded, by a very large margin, the totals of previous years, but what was even more significant and encouraging was the fact that each of the newspaper companies stated that the current year should show even greater increase in advertising. Despite this prosperity, which was resting on an unusually sound foundation, it must be most disappointing to all shareholders in those companies which had a market price, and especially to the Board, that instead of quotations reflecting such record earnings, and anticipating in price values what might be justifiably assumed in regard to the prosperity ahead of the industry, the reverse had been the case and newspaper securities, with hardly an exception, were considerably lower than they were a year ago. Undoubtedly these shares, in common with those of other industries, had suffered consequently upon the regrettable illness of H.M. the King, the General Election and a rising Bank Rate.

THE YEAR'S OPERATIONS

Surveying the company's operations during the period covered by the accounts, the chairman said that the company was incorporated with an authorized capital of £1,000,000, divided into 2,000,000 shares of 10s. each, and 1,000,000 of these shares were issued at a premium of 1s. per share. By the method adopted, the costly item of Underwriting Expenses was avoided and other promotion costs reduced to a minimum. The Associated Anglo-Atlantic Corporation, Limited, held an option to subscribe for the unissued capital at a premium of 2s. 6d. per share and this option was exercised during the year under review. Apart from the result of putting the company in a very strong position for future developments, the undertaking obtained a share premium of not less than £175,000. The directors decided, after writing off preliminary expenses, to transfer the whole of the balance remaining—viz., £152,802—to General Reserve. He further stated at the statutory meeting that favourable business had been concluded, which, apart from its profit-earning possibilities, would enable the company greatly to enlarge its sphere of activity so as to be able to look forward with confidence to participating in certain important future developments. That was no over-statement of the facts. He was quite sure that the shareholders were as disappointed as the management, and especially the chairman, that the Board considered it necessary to utilize such a large proportion of these profits and place them to a temporary depreciation reserve, but this had been rendered advisable by the entirely unforeseen circumstances to which he had referred.

The report was carried unanimously.

LOBITOS OILFIELDS

PERUVIAN DRILLING RESULTS
COMPANY'S STRONG POSITION

The Twenty-First Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Lobitos Oilfields Ltd. was held on June 19 at Winchester House, E.C., the Rt. Hon. Lord Forbes (the chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said, before touching upon the work of the year, he would like to turn for a few moments to the figures in the balance sheet.

Capital remained unchanged. Bills payable stood at £100,000 less than the previous year. Sundry creditors were less by £16,000. From share premium account they had written off £119,449 against expenditure in Columbia. The balance of £1,000,000 was transferred to the capital reserve account.

On the other side, investments remained unchanged. Tank steamers had been written down to £432,924 which, despite the condition of the freight market, they believed to be within their value. £12,000 represented equipment and stores remaining unsold in Columbia. The other items in the balance sheet called for no special notice.

The result of the operation of their steamers reflected the depressed condition of the freight market during 1928. An improvement had recently taken place and, as the boats they chartered to others were chartered for short periods only, there was ground to expect that they would show a better profit in 1929.

London office expenses had slightly increased, but were not high in view of the accommodation required and the amount of work to be done. The debit for income tax was reduced correspondingly to the reduction in 1927 profits as compared with the preceding year.

Shareholders would notice that commissions on sales of oil formed a large part of the company's income. The balance of profit carried to the balance sheet was £74,535 as compared with £69,524 in 1927.

DRILLING POLICY

The chairman went on to say that the year had been one of great difficulty. Their chief interest was the ownership of shares in the Cia. Petrolera Lobitos, a Peruvian company, whose results for the ten months ended October 31 last showed a loss of £43,522. Shareholders were informed in January last that drilling was being limited by the Peruvian company during the period of low prices, which policy had enabled them to dispense with the services of a large number of men, and at the same time reduce the amounts spent in the engineering shops, transport, etc., all of which in the aggregate would save their financial resources. During the ten months the Peruvian Company had drilled 121,068 feet, as compared with 177,776 feet during the previous twelve months. In one well a depth of 6,332 feet was reached, which was a record for the field. The well passed through several oil sands on its way down. Production for the whole year 1928 was 314,281 tons, as compared with 296,248 tons for the preceding year, and was since being maintained at about 26,000 tons per month. The total gasoline produced during the ten months was, in round figures, 1,690,000 gallons, for which, although the price obtained was not high, they had received a new and welcome addition to the company's income, especially when the price of oil was so low.

MARKET CONDITIONS

With regard to market conditions, while the price obtained for oil in 1927 showed a reduction of £1 2s. 11d. per ton of the 1926 average, the price obtained during 1928 was 8s. 7d. lower still. They reached a price which was below cost of production, taking into account the necessary depreciation. Information as to development of other companies in which they were interested, namely, the International Petroleum Co. and Anglo-Ecuadorian Oilfields, was satisfactory. Since the accounts were closed some improvement had taken place in the basis price of oil of the quality they sold, and for 1929 they should obtain a slightly higher premium, and the board therefore felt justified in recommending the payment of a dividend of 10 per cent., although it was not fully earned during the year.

The Chairman, in reply to shareholders, said he did not think that the question of their company being parties to any agreement for restriction would arise. They were so remote from the large oil fields of the world that he hardly thought they would be affected by any signatures to an agreement. They had, as he had already explained, voluntarily restricted further drilling, that was to say, drilling for increased production. As to the market price of their shares he was afraid he could not express any opinion on that. There were, in the directors' opinion, distinct advantages in starting a separate Peruvian company. The commissions on sales which appeared in the accounts were calculated at 4s. per ton.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and on the motion of Mr. Vere Herbert Smith, the proceedings terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman, directors, officials and staff, in London and abroad.

share of no par value in the new Delaware (U.S.A.) Corporation (Lautaro Nitrate Corporation) in the proportion of one share for each five shares held at present. It is further proposed, if the scheme is adopted, to pay two dividends of 3s. each upon the present ordinary shares, one payable upon adoption of the plan, and the other on December 31, 1929. As it would appear probable that this scheme will be accepted, Lautaro shares certainly appear undervalued at the present price, especially as the particulars state that the new £5 preference shares as soon as legally feasible will be redeemable at £5 10s.

TRIPLEX GLASS

Triplex glass shares have had during recent weeks a somewhat substantial set-back in price, a fact largely attributable to sales from America caused through the general tendency on Wall Street rather than the intrinsic merit of the company. In view of the big business which it is believed the Triplex Glass Company is doing and the fact that its position in this industry maintains unchallenged, I am of opinion that these shares are worth picking up at the present reduced level.

ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS

The recent developments on the Ashanti Goldfields Mine have been of such a nature that fresh interest in the shares has been awakened. This company, which has distributed no less a sum than £2,715,908 to its shareholders since 1901, has been an outstanding beacon of prosperity in that barren and disappointing mining field, West Africa. The Ashanti Goldfields Corporation shareholders, in addition to their regular dividends, are having the value of their shares added to, as the result of developments in the bottom of the mine. Should these continue to present favourable indications, the added speculative possibilities thus entailed should cause appreciation in the price of the shares, which, as a mining speculation, appear to possess undoubted possibilities at the present level.

CARMELITE TRUST

Shareholders in the Carmelite Trust Limited should find encouragement in the speech of their Chairman at the first annual meeting held this week. He stated that he hoped shareholders, despite the disappointment in not receiving a dividend in the company's first year, would appreciate the considerable progress that had been made and that the company had an organization equipped to take full advantage of the expansion likely to come about in the specific sphere of operations they had chosen.

W. J. HARRIS AND CO.

Those seeking a low-priced industrial share which possesses possibilities should not overlook the 2s. ordinary shares of W. J. Harris and Company, manufacturers and retailers of baby carriages, invalid carriages, etc. In their class at the present level, these shares appear attractive.

ATLAS LIGHT AND POWER

There has been a larger demand of late for the shares of the Atlas Light and Power Company. In view of the exceptionally sound position of the company and the capital appreciation that a purchase of its shares should entail, this is not surprising.

COMPANY MEETINGS

In this issue will be found reports of the meetings of Carmelite Trust, Ltd., Lobitos Oilfields Ltd., Indian Copper Corporation, Ltd., and Booth's Distilleries Ltd.

TAURUS

Company Meeting

INDIAN COPPER CORPORATION RAPID MINE EQUIPMENT

SATISFACTORY UNDERGROUND DEVELOPMENT

The Fifth Ordinary General Meeting of the Indian Copper Corporation, Ltd., was held on June 18 at Winchester House, E.C. Sir Godfrey B. H. Fell, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. (the chairman) said that the year under review had been a period of intense activity in equipping the mine with the necessary headgear and primary crushing plant, in erecting the aerial ropeway and, at the smelter site, in erecting the necessary buildings for the concentrator and installing the power plant, mill, reverberatory furnace, converters, and refinery. With the assistance of a very competent and energetic staff of erectors, that vast programme of work had been completed, if not by the earliest date contemplated when the programme had been first arranged, at all events within a very short time of that date. Work at the mine and on the ropeway had all been completed by the middle of October; by the end of that month the pulverised coal plant had been in operation, and a few days later electric power had been transmitted to the mine, the first compressor had been started and the aerial ropeway had been inaugurated without the slightest hitch. By the end of November the reverberatory furnace had been lighted and before the end of the year smelting had commenced.

Very satisfactory progress had again been made in the field of underground development. Over 2,700 feet of driving and sinking had been accomplished, resulting in an increase of over 131,000 short tons to the proved ore reserves. Those stood on December 31 last at the very satisfactory figure of 755,630 short tons, of an average value of 3.78 per cent. copper. Mr. Woakes estimated the probable ore reserve at 190,000 tons, which would bring the total up to 945,630 short tons, having an average value of 3.54 per cent. copper. Generally speaking, the ore reserve position was exceptionally strong and in every case the existing drives were still in ore.

HIGH QUALITY OF THE COMPANY'S PRODUCT

With regard to the progress of operations during the current year, smelting had commenced at the end of December and had proceeded more or less continuously ever since. He said "more or less continuously" because, as was only to be expected in the early stages of operations of that kind, there had inevitably been interruptions. As a result of the experience gained in the first few months, Mr. Robson, the metallurgical superintendent, had found methods of improving the grade of matter to the percentage which was best suited to their converters and of keeping the refined copper at or above the requisite degree of purity, 99.5 per cent. They had had no complaints regarding the quality of their product, and it was particularly gratifying that they had recently secured a large order from the Calcutta Mint, whose acceptance of the Corporation's refined copper was equivalent to a certificate of its high quality.

The actual output of refined copper, which, during the first two months had been very small, owing to the failure of the refinery furnace bottom—a defect which had now been satisfactorily overcome—had risen to 78 short tons in March and to 150 short tons in April. In May, the output of the refined product had dropped to 45 short tons, but that had been due to the closing down of the refinery for relining, a process which had normally to be undertaken every four months or so. A second refinery furnace was now on the point of completion, and, with that as a standby, there would, in future, be no need to delay production during periodic overhauls and repairs. The output of refined copper for the first two weeks of June had been no less than 97 short tons, with an average assay of 99.54 per cent. copper.

AN UP-TO-DATE ROLLING MILL

The directors had decided that the time had come to add to the equipment of their property a rolling mill for the production of copper and yellow metal sheets. It would have been difficult, if not impossible, to have undertaken that work at an earlier date, having regard to the fact that the erection of the mill and the equipment of the mine occupied the full time and energies of their management and staff in India. Moreover, they had been conducting experiments in the electrolytic deposition of copper, which they had some reason to hope might be found an effective and economical substitute for rolling. Although the process had been brought to a very satisfactory degree of technical efficiency, they had been advised that it would be unwise at that stage in the company's career to attempt to introduce a novel method of producing copper sheet. In those circumstances they had decided, and he thought shareholders would agree that it was a wise decision, to order the latest and most efficient type of rolling mill, which was now being constructed. The cost of the plant, when erected, including motors, buildings, and all accessories, was estimated at about £40,000, and would be financed for the present by a temporary loan. It would be realized that the unissued capital, at present under option at 2s. 6d. per share, represented at that figure a sum considerably in excess of a quarter of a million sterling.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

The Ordinary General Meeting of Booth's Distilleries, Ltd., was held on Thursday last at the Great Eastern Hotel, London, E.C.

Lord Lurgan, K.C.V.O. (the Chairman), said that, considering the strenuous times which they had been through, and were still experiencing, he thought he was justified in saying that they might all be satisfied with what the company had accomplished. The turnover for the year showed an increase over that of the previous year, and the gross profit was greater by £27,709. Working expenses had naturally increased, and were larger by £20,074, which was mainly accounted for by advertising. After charging all expenses, the net trading profit came out at £66,283, as compared with £55,217 a year ago, an increase of £11,066, a result which, under prevailing conditions, he felt they were entitled to consider an adequate return for all their labours.

A year ago he ventured to speak rather fully on the iniquitous duty which the Government of this country imposed on spirits and the absurdly small margin of profit which they consequently had to work upon, and the results now submitted had only been arrived at after a great deal of strenuous work by their employees and the most rigid attention to detail and economy by the board and everybody connected with the company. He had hoped that the late Chancellor of the Exchequer would have seen his way to lighten this very heavy burden. Whether his successor, Mr. Snowden, would have the temerity to rise to the occasion and have the courage to do what was obviously right in regard to a greatly over-burdened British industry remained to be seen, but if his Government studied the unemployment question from an industrial standpoint—and this surely was their Party cry—this industry must obviously require to be seriously considered, as it was bearing a much heavier burden than any other trade in the country.

The present heavy prohibitive duty placed their products quite out of the reach of the great majority of the workers in this country, who would be all the better for a little stimulant, and would not be forced to drink cheap foreign wines or inferior imitations of them. Early in this year they went through an extremely and almost abnormally cold period, and, while Bovril and other such commodities reaped great advantages, they, by reason of the absurd price they were forced by the Government to charge for their products, practically received no extra benefit at all. The revenue produced by this industry was of paramount importance, not only to the country, but to Government in office, and he ventured to say that the continuance of the duty on the present basis would eventually "kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

In proof of what he had said he might mention that there had for a number of years past been a steady decline in revenue from this great industry. The figures for the Government year just issued showed an alarming decrease in Customs and Excise, amounting on spirits to no less than £1,767,000, which simply meant a decrease in the consumption of their commodities. Their goods, as he had pointed out, were placed beyond the masses by an unfair and restrictive duty, which should certainly be greatly modified. They had to work desperately hard to produce the results which they placed before the shareholders.

There was another irksome matter which had a direct bearing on their position. He referred to "Dora." "Dora" and its very offensive and tiresome restrictions meant that the number of hours for consumption of spirits was less than it used to be, and there was no doubt that "Dora," in every sense of the word, kept visitors away from this country and drove them to France, where everybody was free to do what he liked, to say nothing of those Americans who came over here after suffering under prohibition in their own country. Again he wondered whether our new Home Secretary would have the courage to tackle this question. He was glad to notice that "Dora's" chief sponsor, Sir William Joynson Hicks, was going to be relegated—or should he say elevated?—to a place where, at any rate, he would be comparatively harmless in the future. In these days this country needed a progressive, and not a puritanical, Home Secretary. Shareholders would have gathered from his (the Chairman's) remarks that he was slightly optimistic as to the present Government tackling the duty on spirits and the restrictions of "Dora." He trusted he would not be proved terribly wrong.

Referring to the balance sheet, the Chairman pointed out that certain of the changes in the figures were due to the fact that additional businesses had been acquired during the year under review. The profit and loss account showed a net available balance of £30,348, as against £30,547 a year ago. This figure was arrived at after allowing for the dividends on the preference and cumulative preferred ordinary shares, setting aside £15,000 for redemption of debentures, writing off £15,294 from investments, and the whole expense incurred in connection with the new share issue, viz., £3,305.

In the course of further remarks, the Chairman paid a warm tribute to the services of the Managing Director (Mr. Oswald Bertram) and the staff, and concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts and the declaration of a dividend of 7½ per cent., less tax, on the ordinary share capital.

Mr. A. E. Stephenson (vice-chairman) seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

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